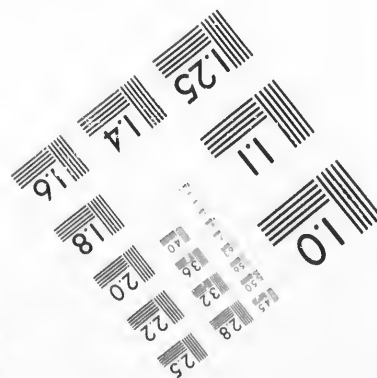
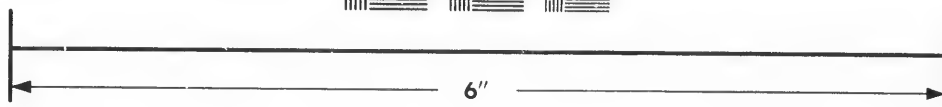
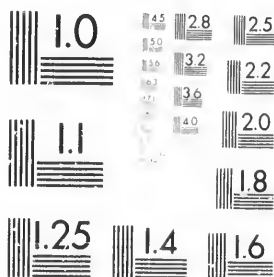


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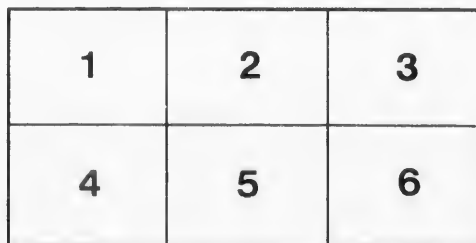
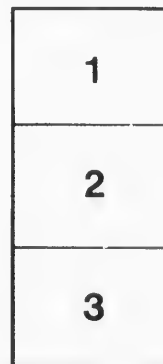
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WAYSIDE SONGS

BY

MRS. E. A. ISARD.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
THE ERA PUBLISHING HOUSE,

NEWMARKET.

1896.

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S26 W3

1969

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one
thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, by ELIZABETH ANN ISARD,
at the Department of Agriculture.

PREFACE.

THIS Book of Poems is sent abroad
In full dependence upon God,
That He a blessing will bestow
On all to whom the book may go.
Written for Him His name to praise;
Tells of His love in simple lays;
Love, that should win the hardest heart
And cause the penitent tear to start,
Winning the wanderer back to Him
Who died to take away our sin.
Words of comfort spoken to all
Who will at once for mercy call;
"Peace on earth," sweet rest in heaven,
To all who are in Christ forgiven.

E. A. I.





WAYSIDE SONGS.

WRITING FOR JESUS.

Sweet privilege ! to write for Him
Who left His throne on high,
And at His Father's word came down
For sinful man to die.
He laid His crown of glory by
To sojourn here below,
That sinners of the deepest dye
Might full salvation know.

He bore the weight of this world's sin
In His body on the tree ;
What mental anguish he endured
That sinners might be free !
O wondrous love ! by poets sung,
A love that saved the lost,
And wrought out man's salvation
At such an awful cost.

Wayside Songs.

What shall we render Thee, O Lord,
For all that Thon hast given
To save us from the curse of sin
And bring us back to heaven ?
Father, accept our heartfelt thanks
For Thy redeeming plan,
" Thanks for the Gift unspeakable "
Who gave Himself for man.

Accept our hearts, our lives, our all —
A willing sacrifice ;
May we reach our home at last,
Beyond the star-lit skies.
And when we land on that blest shore
Where saints and angels meet,
We'll lay our crowns and trophies down
At our Redeemer's feet.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

" One million and more " for the work of the Lord,
To send the glad news of salvation abroad ;
That the Word may be preached from shore to shore,
Will you give, for His sake, one million and more ?

" One million and more " that the news may spread
To the millions of China, giving life to the dead ;
That India may come with her millions, too,
To rejoice in the Light free for them as for you.

"One million and more" that the blessed light
Of the glorious Gospel may scatter the night
Of suffering and sorrow the wide world o'er ;
Will you give for this cause one million and more ?

"One million and more" that the Lord may see
You care for the souls He died to set free
From the thralldom of sin and satan's power ;
Will you not give Him one million and more ?

"One million and more" that your joy may be
As the joy of the angels, when repentance they see ;
To prove that the Lord is our Strength and Tower
Will you not give Him one million and more ?

"One million and more" that the seed may be cast
From North to South, from East to West ;
That the sheaves may be garnered from every shore
Will you give to His Church one million and more ?

"One million and more" that the Lord may say
"Well done ! well done !" at the close of the day ;
"The battle is fought, the victory won,
Enter into My joy and sit by My throne."

SLEEP.

Like rest after toil, and ease after pain,
Is the sweet, dreamless sleep we sometimes obtain ;
Like Spring after Winter or joy after grief
Is the sleep that in sorrow brings soothing relief.
When worn out with pain, or weary with care,
Sleep steals upon us at times unaware ;
How gladly we yield ! tho' the charm be brief
It hushes the spirit and gives relief.

The sleep of the infant so sweet to behold ;
More precious by far than silver or gold ;
How fondly we gaze on the lovely face
And earnestly plead for heavenly grace
To train this dear one for usefulness here.
Whatever its portion, in whatever sphere ;
In the morn of life, in the dawn of youth,
May it choose the blessed pathway of truth.

The sleep of the invalid, so hard to gain :
So needful for one worn out with pain ;
Gravely we watch them till the dear eyes close
And they sink into quiet and dreamless repose.
How we hush with impatience every sound
That may disturb a sleep so profound !
Tis the crisis, we say, as with bated breath
We watch what may prove the sleep of death.

How sweet to the soldier when strife is ending,
And he to his tent is wearily wending,
To know that at last he may sleep in peace—
The conflict is over, the fighting must cease!
How sweet to the sailor, when a storm at sea
Lashed into fury by wind and breeze,
Is abating, obedient to His will
Who only can bid the sea "be still."

How strange it is that the final sleep
Is dreaded so much it makes men weep!
The world is so fair, with all its woe,
They are not yet quite ready to go.
They would rather stay on and sleep in sin
Hoping at last they may enter in,
Tho' they never sought the pardoning love
Of Him who reigns and rules above.

To enter there we must all repent
Of our days in sin and folly spent;
"Cease to do evil, learn to do well,"
If we with Christ in heaven would dwell.
Though when we go our friends may weep
As they watch us when we fall asleep;
They need not fear for we shall rise
And wing our way beyond the skies.

TO-DAY.

To-day, if you will hear His voice
And listen to His call ;
Lay every weight at once aside
And yield to Him your all.
The satisfaction you obtain
Will more than compensate ;
Wait not until to-morrow dawns,
It may be then too late.

To-day, will you not heed His call
And give to Him your heart ?
He'll fill your life with blessing
If you from sin depart.
He'll guide your footsteps always,
And give you perfect peace ;
Then rest with Him in glory
When all your labors cease.

To-day, do not procrastinate,
Oh, why should you delay ?
If you wait until to-morrow
It will be still to-day.
As you may not live to see it,
Decide now, once for all
To give your heart to Jesus
And for His mercy call.

Wayside Songs.

11

When the end of life shall come—
And it may come very soon—
To look back on a misspent life
Will fill your soul with gloom.
But if you serve the Master
In the early dawn of youth,
Every day you'll praise Him
For the knowledge of the truth.

But if to hoar-hairs you've come
And have not sought the Lord,
Hear what your loving Saviour saith
In His most blessed Word :
" Come unto Me ye weary ones
And I will give you rest ;
Consecrate your all to Me
And I will make you blest."

Then, whatsoe'er may come or go,
Just travel on and sing
The praises of redeeming love,
The praises of your king.
Soon we'll see Him as He is
And bow before His face ;
To sing in tones triumphant
The power of saving grace.

PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT.

Father ! we cannot praise Thee
Or serve Thee as we ought,
Unless we do Thy holy will
As by Thy Spirit taught.

Thou hast promised us Thy Spirit
To convince us of our need,—
Of our sad and lost condition—
Our sins of thought and deed.

Thou hast promised us Thy Spirit
If we will turn aside
To listen to His teachings,
And give up sin and pride.

Thou hast promised us Thy Spirit
To witness with the blood ;
Confirming the assurance
That we are born of God.

Thou hast promised us Thy Spirit
In all His soothing power,
To be our gracious Comforter
In sorrow's darkest hour.

Thou hast told us we may ask Thee
For this precious gift Divine,
Who, in the work of saving man,
Makes known to us Thy mind.

Wayside Songs.

13

Come, blessed Spirit, fill our hearts
With holy love and power,
That we may do our Father's will
Each minute, day and hour.

Father! give us Thy Holy Spirit,
The spirit of Thy Son,
As we worship Thee in unity—
Thou blessed Three in One.

AN ACROSTIC.

Jehovah, Father, Saviour, King!
Eternal God, Thy praise we sing;
Holy of Holies, Lord of all
O hear me as on Thee I call!
Vain is my hope till Thee I see;
"Ancient of days" I trust in Thee,
Hoping that Thou wilt provide.

Jehovah Lord! whate'er betide
Into Thy care myself I give,
Rejoicing in Thy love I live;
Eternal praise to Thee I bring,
Heavenly Father, Saviour, King.

FAREWELL.

Who has not felt despondent
When forced to say Farewell
To dear ones, going far away,
In distant scenes to dwell?

We say farewell in broken voice,
Our hearts are aching so;
Try to conceal it as we may
By tears our grief we show.

The hope of meeting is remote;
We really cannot tell
If we'll meet again, or not,
While on this earth we dwell.

"Good-bye" we say, be sure to write
And tell us how you fare;
Our hearts in tender sympathy
Your grief or joy will share.

And whatso'er may come or go;
Of this you may be sure,
When bowing at the mercy-seat
We'll breathe your name in prayer.

And when in supplication
You plead before the Throne,
We entreat you to remember
The dear ones left at home.

Wayside Songs.

15

We say all this in feeble tones,
While grief each bosom swells ;
Yet, when they are beyond recall
There's something more to tell.

'Tis always thus, we never can
Have satisfaction here ;
Something more to say or do—
Something to hope or fear.

Let us fix our hopes on high
Above this world of sin ;
Trust in God and do the right
Until the goal we win.

Where sin can never, never come,
Where saints and angels dwell
In peace and joy unspeakable
And never say "Farewell."

SPRING.

Beautiful Spring is drawing nigh,
The storms of Winter are passing by ;
The frost and snow will soon be past,
For winter cannot always last.

Beautiful Spring ! we welcome thee !
So glad thy smiling face to see ;
Thy golden sunlight and genial showers
Give pleasant thought for quiet hours.

Wayside Songs.

Beautiful Spring, with its balmy days,
Should fill our hearts with loving praise
To Him who promised long ago
Seasons in turn should come and go.

Beautiful Spring, all smiles and tears ;
Bidding us hope and banish our fears ;
Amidst the care, the toil, and strife,
That form a part of every life.

Beautiful Spring ! emblem of rest
To weary souls by grief oppressed ;
After the storm, the calm, then peace
Where sin and sorrow forever cease.

Beautiful Spring ! emblem of bliss
In a Land that is far better than this ;
Emblem of peace, and rest, and joy,
Of pleasures that have no alloy.

Beautiful Spring, in its glorious dress
Of opening leaves and growing grass ;
Emblem of life when death is o'er,
Of life eternal forever more.

SUMMER.

Birds are singing gleefully,
The breezes softly blow,
Nature seems in harmony
Its gratitude to show.

Wayside Songs.

17

Flowers in great abundance
Are blooming here and there ;
Fragrant with the perfume
Of the balmy summer air.

The trees in regal splendor
And many shades of green,
In the glory of the sunset
Add beauty to the scene.

As we with admiring eyes
Gaze on the lovely sight,
Our hearts are full of gratitude,
Contentment and delight.

And when the sun sinks lower
Into the Western sky,
We look above the glowing scene
To our Father's home on high.

If this world is so beautiful,
Cursed as it is by sin,
What will heaven be to us
When at last we enter in ?

We are waiting in the evening,
Till Jesus bids us come
To share the joy and rapture
Of that eternal home.

AUTUMN.

The autumn tints in every shade
Are now on shrubs and trees ;
The bright October morning
Is fresh with cooling breeze.
The golden grain is garnered,
The ripened fruit is stored,
And hearts are full of gratitude
For the goodness of the Lord.

Yet, we look with fond regret
Upon the scattered leaves,
Reminding us so forcibly
Of fading and disease ;
The wind will very soon denote
To us the coming storm ;
The birds are now upon the wing
For climates bright and warm.

When the quiet calm of Autumn
Is setting on our hearts,
And the sunny days of summer
Are numbered with the past,
If the season has been fruitful
In deeds of kindness done,
We may in quiet moments
Enjoy the peace thus won.

Wayside Songs.

19

And when our eyes have closed
On all things here below,
We'll open them in heaven
Eternal joy to know.
Till then we'll serve Him truly
Who guides us every day,
As in both storm and sunshine
He leads us on our way.

WINTER.

The snow is falling silently
The wind blows high and loud ;
Earth in her snowy mantle
Is white as any shroud.
The sky appears of sombre hue,
So cheerless to the sight ;
As tho' it never could again
Be radiant and bright.

The trees look very desolate,
As tho' their life had fled,
For all sign of vitality
They really might be dead.
The birds have all departed
Except the little sparrow ;
He stays behind to comfort us
When overcome by sorrow.

Wayside Songs.

While our Father cares for them,
 Much more He cares for us ;
 Let us take the lesson home
 And in His goodness trust.
 It is by contrast we enjoy,
 As seasons come and go ;
 Summer would not be as bright
 Had we no frost or snow.

Our Father in His goodness
 Does what is wise and best ;
 After the fruitful summer
 The earth needs quiet rest.
 And in her snowy mantle
 So pure, and white, and clear,
 She is her strength recruiting
 For the toil of another year.

‘THINGS PRESENT.

How strange it is that present things
 Have such power to move us !
 Things so trifling in themselves
 Often please or grieve us.
 Things we touch, and feel, and see,
 Too often have the power
 To raise our thoughts and feelings
 Or sink our spirits lower.

Wayside Songs.

21

A dreary day with sky o'ereast
 Betokens gloomy weather ;
And dreary days and sombre thoughts
 Too often go together.
Who has not often felt the power
 Of a brilliant sunny day
To raise the drooping spirits
 And chase dull care away ?

Let us take comfort in the fact
 That our Father reigns above ;
And overrules each circumstance
 For those who trust His love.
'Tho' things present have the power
 To move us on our way,
They cannot part us from our King
 Or make us go astray.

“ Things present, nor things to come ”
 Can part our souls from Him
If we look up for daily strength,
 Forsaking every sin.
So, as we travel heavenward
 Our prayers to Him we'll raise,
Until we see Him as He is—
 Where prayer is lost in praise.

THANKSGIVING.

The lovely days of summer
Have just passed away,
And the autumn brings to us
Our glad Thanksgiving Day.
Golden grain is garnered,
Rich, ripe fruits are stored,
And we all appreciate
The goodness of the Lord.

Thousands of little singers
Filled the air and sky
With such lovely harmony
As the days passed by.
Autumn, too, is beautiful,
Filling our heart with cheer ;
Tho' a vein of sadness comes
With the declining year.

The trees without their beauty,
The leaves so thickly spread,
Remind us of some dear ones
Numbered with the dead.
Till there's cause for gratitude
For blessings we enjoy,
Though some scenes in days of yore
Were not without alloy.

Dreary hours are approaching,
 Winter is very near ;
 Even then there are bright days
 Our drooping hearts to cheer ;
 And in those rays of brightness
 We'll chase regret away,
 And give a joyful welcome
 To our Thanksgiving Day.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

'Tis hard to be disappointed,
 To have our plans upset,
 If there's a way to avoid it
 'Tis undiscovered yet.

It is quite wonderful how some
 Can bear a disappointment ;
 If it is not a personal case
 They are really quite content.

They often express surprise
 That others can't bear it better,
 If the blow comes home to them,
 Of course its another matter.

As every painful circumstance
 Is under divine control ;
 Surely we can trust in Him
 Who wisely rules the whole.

Trust till we reach the home
Where all shall be made right,
And bear our disappointments
In a spirit brave and bright.
All events shall be explained
That worried us while here ;
We know not how, but soon we'll see
With vision true and clear.
As we journey bravely on
Our praises shall resound,
For there's no disappointment
In the land to which we're bound.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING ?

Life surely is worth living,
'Tis full of hope and bliss ;
Though 'tis blessedness to know
There's a better life than this.
Yes, life is full of blessing
If we use it as we ought,
Learning from all around us
The lessons that are taught.
The life of youth is pleasant,
With all its hopes and fears ;
Its keen anticipations,
Its ready smiles and tears.

Wayside Songs.

25

The life of full maturity
To noble purpose given ;
To be good, and to do good,
Is surely well worth living.

Life surely is worth living,
To know our Saviour's love
And try by consecrated life
Our love for Him to prove.

It does not seem attractive
To the observing eye ;
To realize its blessedness
'Tis a life we all must try.

Life surely is worth living
In the service of the Giver ;
And by and by, if faithful,
We'll live with Him forever.

SUNSHINE.

As darkness slowly rolls away
Before the light of coming day—
When the sun rises in his might,
Making all things fair and bright—
So, when the Son of righteousness
Shines on us our lives to bless,
Our sorrows fade and pass away
Like night at dawn of coming day.

No matter what our grief may be
If we to Christ for comfort flee,
He will not turn away His face
But give us all-sufficient grace.
The lovely sun gives warmth and life,
Chasing away the storm and strife ;
And all creation joins to sing
The praises of the King of kings.

So when we bow in silent prayer,
Casting on God our grief and care,
The light comes down our souls to bless ;
And in the promise we find rest.
'Tho' doubts and fears at times intrude,
Our pathway is with mercy strewed :
We all have cause to shout and sing
The praises of our Lord and King.

If we both love and serve the Lord,
Guiding our footsteps by His Word,
He does our wounded spirits heal
And on our hearts sweet comfort seal.
As nature, with harmonious voice,
In glowing sunshine can rejoice,
We raise a song of nobler praise
To Him who blesses all our days.

TRAINING.

Training is indispensable
In the discipline of life ;
What is much to be deplored
We don't begin aright.
Soon as a babe can notice
Objects within its reach,
Or recognize when spoken to,
'Tis time to begin to teach.
Be yourselves what you desire
Your darling one to be ;
Rest assured each little child
Will copy what it sees.
As you foster the mortal life
With tender loving care,
So cherish the spiritual life
With efforts led by prayer.
The outcome of your diligence
May seem to you but small :
Of the permanent result
You cannot judge at all.
You do not know the future
Of the approaching years,
So sow the seed continually
And water it with tears.
Be cheerful in your greetings
As your pets run out and in ;
It will not hurt your dignity
To romp with them now and then :

Wayside Songs.

Act kindly in their presence
And never prevaricate,
For the watcher at your side
Will surely imitate.

Never chastise in anger,
But lead each little child
To see in what its fault lay,
And speak in accents mild.
Begin to form their habits
As soon as they can walk ;
Teach them to pray at mother's knee
As soon as they can talk.

Be sure you seek direction
From Him who rules above ;
Talk to your children often
Of Jesus and His love.
Rule them with gentle firmness,
Soothe all their childish grief,
Heal each wound with tender touch
And kiss them off to sleep.

Make home a very happy place
While yet they linger there ;
Soon they'll leave the cozy nest
And in life's struggle share.
When they leave, O follow them
With prayer, each night and morn,
And you may live to bless the day
Each darling child was born.

“ THY WILL BE DONE.”

“ Thy will be done,” who has not felt
 These words are hard to say
 When gazing on a dear one
 That in sad silence lay
 Before our eyes, so dim with tears
 We scarce can see the form
 Of one, so much beloved,
 Who is now forever gone ?

“ Thy will be done,” so hard to say
 In the sudden shock of grief ;
 For the loss of one beloved
 Whose stay with us was brief.
 The little child who loved us
 With fond and trusting heart,
 That even in the hour of death
 Seemed of ourselves a part.

“ Thy will be done,” words harder still
 When the partner of our life
 Leaves us suddenly alone,
 In this cold world of strife.
 Words cannot tell our anguish,
 As we kiss the marble brow ;
 Sad in our utter loneliness
 We in mute sorrow bow.

“Thy will be done,” help us Lord !
To own Thy will is best ;
Give us all sustaining grace
As we in Thy goodness rest.
Help us in meek submission
To depend alone on Thee
And in darkest, saddest hours,
Trust where we cannot see.

FAITH.

Faith is the principle of trust,
Where reason cannot see
Means of carrying out our plans,
Whatever they may be.
Trust in Him who holds the power
Of government above—
Whose rule is one of tenderness,
Of graciousness and love.

Of trust in His Omnipotence,
His power to interfere,
To help his children in distress
And calm their rising fear ;
Of trust in His Omniscience,
To own we cannot see
In any circumstance of life
The end as well as He.

Relying on His faithfulness,
 Without a doubt or fear,
 He can improve our prospects
 And make our pathway clear.
 Of trusting in the darkness
 As well as in the light,
 The word of Him who cannot lie—
 Whose every act is right.

Faith relies upon the promise,
 Trust leans in quiet rest
 Upon the love and care of Him
 Who always does the best ;
 Dear Lord, we trust Thee fully,
 Although we cannot see
 The end of our perplexities—
 We leave them all to Thee.

EVENING.

I love in the evening twilight,
 To sit and muse of Him
 Who gave His life a ransom
 To save us all from sin :
 And as the evening closes,
 With gratitude to raise,
 In words that are appropriate,
 A song of joy and praise.

Wayside Songs.

I love to own the goodness
That guided me each day,
Thro' briers and thorns the thickest,
And gently cleared my way.
And in each sweet remembrance,
With humble love to trace
His wonder-working Providence ;
His love, and truth, and grace.

I love, when the shadows deepen
Into the gloom of night,
To offer prayer for guidance
To lead me to the light ;
And as I journey onward
In weariness and pain,
Grace to look upward always
That I may strength obtain.

I love to think of the pearly gates,
Of the streets of purest gold,
Of absent ones, who are at home
Safe in our Father's fold ;
To anticipate our meeting
When the trials of life are o'er,
Where sin, and pain, and sorrow,
Can touch us nevermore.

GOODNESS AND MERCY.

I will sing you a song of the goodness
 And mercy of Jesus the Lord ;
 How He died to give pardon and safety
 To all who will trust in His Word ;
 Of the goodness and mercy that follow me
 Each moment and hour of the day ;
 That sustain me in seasons of trial,
 And lead every step of the way.

Of the goodness that loved me in childhood,
 That cared for my safety in youth,
 And led me to choose in life's morning
 The beautiful pathway of truth ;
 Of the goodness that guided me onward
 When temptation my spirit assailed ;
 That led me to trust in the promise
 That never, no never can fail.

Of the mercy that surely shall follow me
 As I travel my journey along ;
 Tho' the way may be lonely and tedious,
 I will cheer it with hope and with song.
 Of the goodness that never has failed me
 Through trouble and suffering severe,
 That has perfected strength in weakness
 And banished my sorrow and fear.

Of the mercy that will not forsake me
In the valley and shadow of death,
But will bring me safe over the Jordan
When in weakness I yield up my breath ;
For the goodness and mercy of Jesus,
For the wonderful depths of His love,
We cannot sufficiently praise Him
Till we sing with the ransomed above.

THE BELIEVER.

Rejoicing in the promises
Of his blessed Lord,
Seeking to be guided by
His most holy word ;
Contented when misfortune
Besets his daily path,
Trusting when adversity
Swallows all he hath.

Submissive when affliction
Often is his portion ;
Though in suffering weary,
Happy in salvation.
Supported when bereavement
Lacerates the heart,
Upheld by grace sufficient,
Tho' the wound may smart.

Patient when foul slander
 With cruel venom stings ;
 Relying for protection
 On the King or kings.
 Loving on tho' friends forsake,
 Leaving him alone ;
 Loyal in his allegiance
 To the Lord he owns.

Showing tender sympathy
 In every form of grief,
 By gentle acts of kindness
 Giving prompt relief.
 In longing expectation
 Waiting for the word,
 That shall bid him enter
 The presence of his Lord.

AN ACROSTIC.

Heaven is a place of perfect joy ;
 Eternal bliss without alloy ;
 Angels and saints together sing,
 Voicing the praises of their King ;
 Ecstatic rapture fills each breast,
 Nothing can mar that holy rest.

THE INFIDEL.

No hope above, no hope below
No real joy or mirth to know ;
No refuge anywhere to see,
Or hope of anything to be.

There's nothing good, or true or pure,
Of this the infidel is sure ;
This earth is only a vain snow
And what's to come we do not know.

The life of those who love the Lord,
Who glory in His name and word ;
Cannot by him be understood—
The motives are by far too good.

His hopes are satisfied below,
He wants no greater joy to know ;
Plenty to eat, enough to wear,
He seeks no higher good to share.

The Faith for which the martyrs died
The infidel would set aside ;
The triumph of the christian's death
He'd sneer away with mocking breath.

The soul for which the Saviour died
He starves to death in stubborn pride ;
He will not come unto the light
Or try to understand the right.

He sweeps away the hopes of years
And leaves the world to groan in tears ;
Scatters the Word of inspiration—
Makes the grave our destination.

Thank God ! we know it is not so ;
Though this world is full of woe,
We have a hope above the skies
Which, more than life itself, we prize.

Too soon, in agony of death,
With laboring and panting breath,
The infidel will raise his cries
As "too late" echoes from the skies.

God speaks in every little flower—
Tells us of His love and power ;
In Christ He gives us saving grace
And fills our lives with perfect peace.

Gracious Lord ! we plead for them
Who will not own Thou lovest men ;
Bring them to their senses Lord !
Help them to believe Thy Word.

"ALONE WITH GOD."

"Alone with God," on the mountain
Of joy and exultation ;
Alone with Him in the valley
Of deep humiliation.

"Alone with God," while pleading
Before the mercy seat ;
Alone with Him when seeking
To be in Christ complete.

"Alone with God " in penitence—
Bowing before His face ;
Seeking peace and blessedness
Through His renewing grace.

"Alone with God " in the desert,
Trying to rest awhile ;
Rejoicing in His countenance,
In the sunlight of His smile.

"Alone with God " when musing
On the bliss of the golden shore ;
Longing to be in His presence
With loved ones gone before.

Most blessed Lord ! no matter what
Surrounding scenes may be,
We never can feel lonely
When all alone with Thee.

"IS IT I."

"Is it I" that shall betray Thee,
My Saviour and my Lord?

"Is it I" that shall deny Thee
With angry tone and word?

Dare I attempt to wound Thee
By a cruel, treacherous kiss?

Nay, rather let me perish
Than be as mean as this.

It would be so much better
That I had ne'er been born,
Than fail in my allegiance
Or treat Thy name with scorn.

In every circumstance of life
By devotion I would prove
How much I love the Saviour—
How much I prize His love.

Tho' many scorn the holy name
That is to me so dear,
By grace I will acknowledge Thee
And keep my conscience clear.

"Is it I?" dear Lord forbid
That I should fall so low;
Help me by true integrity
My love for Thee to show.

Tho' the powers of darkness
Combine my faith to try,
In Thy strength I will conquer
Or in the struggle die.

WORK ON.

The field of work is very wide,
The laborers are few,
A pity that they are so scarce
When there's so much to do.

There's work awaiting everyone,
If only they will see it ;
Put at once the armor on
And buckle to and do it.

No need to stand aside and wait ;
Of what is near take hold ;
When there is so much at stake
'Tis courage to be bold.

No need to don the sombre veil
Or flee from human sight ;
Far better win the victor's crown
By sharing in the fight.

There's work in great variety
Appealing to our skill ;
We only need to claim a share
And do it with a will.

It may not seem important
To our imperfect sight ;
And yet may stem the torrent
That flows against the right.

Wayside Songs.

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The simple utterance of a word,
Or kindly caution given,
May prove of great importance—
Winning souls for heaven.

Then let us use our influence
Against the tide of sin ;
Trying by deeds of kindness
The sinner's heart to win.

Laboring for the Master
With a steady aim ;
Helping some poor wanderer
His favor to regain.

Till called to ford the Jordan
Our earthly toils all o'er,
We share in work Angelic
Upon the heavenly shore.

AN ACROSTIC.

Eternity, grand word of solemn meaning
To all on earth, to all in heaven ;
Eternal with immortal glory gleaming—
Radiant with joy to souls forgiven.
No fears encircle this glorious word
In hearts that love our blessed Lord ;
To them it means emancipation
Yonder, in scenes of exultation.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is a bond of union
Dear to the loving heart ;
So very near is the communion
That each of other seems a part.

Expressive of that tenderness
We sometimes see and feel ;
It has unbounded influence
The wounds of life to heal.

It steals upon us unawares,
Like sleep at times unsought ;
Before we realize its power
We by its charm are caught.

When weary with pain or sorrow
True friendship bears the test ;
The loving glance and tender touch
Will give sweet soothing rest.

If human friendship has the power
To check each rising sigh,
What must the friendship be of Him
Who reigns and rules on high ?

Words cannot tell or tongue express
The sympathy of Him
Who gave Himself, to ransom us
From the results of sin.

In weariness and loneliness
 He lived for many years,
 To give us perfect happiness
 And freedom from our fears.

No earthly friend has ever shown
 Friendship at all like His ;
 It shall be our constant theme
 Till we reach the realms of bliss.

Then in a holier happier strain,
 We'll join in songs of praise,
 Laying all honor at His feet
 Who died our souls to save.

AN ACROSTIC.

Redeemer ! to Thee our hearts we raise,
 Eternal Saviour, Thee we praise,
 Did'st Thou not die for sinful man,
 Eternal life for all to gain ?
 Ecstatic thought, salvation's free ;
 Mercy for everyone, mercy for me !
 Eternal praise to Thee be given,
 Redeemer, Lord of earth and heaven.

DIVINE COMFORT.

Our blessed Father comforts us
In all our tribulation,
That we may also comfort give
In a similar situation ;
Expressing tender sympathy,
As we offer consolation
To those who, by bereavement,
Are left in desolation.

Tho' the wound is far too deep
For human love to heal ;
Still fitly spoken gentle words
Will tell how much we feel.
The loving touch, the kindly tone,
A soothing power impart ;
It is our christian privilege
To cheer each stricken heart.

How many mourn in anguish
Wounded by sorrow's blight !
If we can cheer their solitude
I'm sure it must be right.
Instead of passing coldly by
Regardless of their pain,
We should by kind inquiry try
Their confidence to gain.

In telling of our Father's love
 For all by grief oppressed,
 We may a ray of comfort give—
 A sense of peace and rest.
 It may be that a coming storm
 Will make our household drear,
 We soon may need a tender word
 Our wounded hearts to cheer.

Then let us all to others show
 The kindness we may need;
 No matter what the future brings
 We shall be blest indeed.
 So as our Father comforts us
 We too will comfort give,
 Until we leave this sinful world
 And go with Him to live.

A GEM.

Whichever way I turn,
 Whichever way I look,
 Above, below, around,
 I read as in a book;
 From all I have, or feel, or see,
 How very good God is to me.

“FORBID HIM NOT.”

When we see others doing good
In Christ our Saviour's name,
Though they follow not with us,
We should rejoice the same
As if of our own church and creed
They formed with us a part—
We all are of one family
And should be one in heart.

“Forbid him not” our Master said,
He is working for the right,
Rather wish him Godspeed
With all your will and might.
“For he that is not against us
Is for us”—on our side;
So try to work in harmony
And not pass on in pride.

How grand it is to see the church
Work for the good of others!
Winning them for usefulness
As sisters and as brothers;
Not by any one name known,
They are in purpose one
Who love the souls that cost the blood
Of God's beloved Son.

They can't speak evil of His name
 Who are working for His cause ;
 And as we see them striving
 We won't look out for flaws.
 Tho' we don't endorse their methods,
 If they purpose to do good
 We'll pray for their prosperity,
 As every christian should.

If we try to serve our Master
 We won't go far astray ;
 He'll be to us at all times
 The Life, the Truth, the Way.
 And when our work completed,
 With others we shall meet,
 To see Him in His glory
 And worship at His feet.

IN MEMORIAM.

Beloved ! art thou really gone ?
 'Tis so hard to realize
 That we shall see thee never more
 Till we meet above the skies.
 Thy dear ones miss thee every day,
 As they see thy vacant chair ;
 And many who are far away
 Feel in that grief a share.

With gentleness and kindness
By many a thoughtful act,
You tried to cheer the weary
With tender christian tact.
Many an eye has brightened
When it met your loving glance,
As you to the sufferer's bed
With quiet step advanced.

When you spoke in praise of Him
Your Saviour, King and Lord,
The air seemed full of blessing
As you with gentle words,
Tried to enlist their service,
That they might also prove
The power of His salvation—
The blessing of His love.

I feel so sad while writing thus,
But own I'm wrong in this ;
I do not wish you back again
From yon bright home of bliss.
No, dearest friend, I'll follow you—
Soon we shall meet again,
Where there's no separation—
No sorrow grief or pain.

HONOR.

There's honor among thieves, 'tis said ;
 They will not hurt each other,
 Though to gain the lion's share
 They sometimes wound a brother.
 Who lives in sin by it will stand,
 But let such recollect
 There's a fearful retribution
 That they may all expect.

Though justice travels very slow
 Her steps are very sure ;
 He who acts dishonorably,
 Whose life is far from pure,
 Will surely find out some day
 It does not pay at all ;
 To choose the wrong most certainly
 Will bring disgrace on all.

Seek honor in self-sacrifice,
 Avoiding all pretense,
 Shun what is mean or sinful ;
 Just act with common sense.
 Come forward to the front rank,
 Come ! take a noble stand ;
 God calls and He will help you
 And uphold you by His hand.

Wayside Songs.

Had I power to move the crowd,
To reach both young and old,—
Had I a "Punshon's" eloquence,
The half could not be told ;
The half of what our Father gives
To those who honor Him :
Who live in daily conflict with
That deadly monster sin.

Spread the knowledge of His name,
Tell of His power to save
Win trophies from the enemy,
For whom His life He gave.
Honor Him with your substance,
Fear naught but give Him all ;
Then, in the evening, listen to
His tender loving call.

PRAISE.

Gracious Father, we will praise Thee,
For it is both meet and right ;
Praise Thee in the morning sunshine
And the lovely starlit night.

Praise Thee for the glowing landscape
Spread for our admiring gaze ;
For the fruit and for the flowers
Unto Thee our thanks we raise.

Wayside Songs.

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Praise Thee for the mighty ocean,
With its billows as they roll ;
For the pleasant, gentle cadence
Of the rivers as they flow.

Praise Thee for the little streamlet
With its moss and tiny pools ;
For the merry noise of children
As they trudge along to school.

Praise Thee for the bounteous harvest
Of luscious fruit and golden grain ;
For the cattle in the pasture
And the sheep upon the plain.

Praise Thee for the lovely summer,
For the winter's frost and snow ;
For the beauty of the seasons
As in turn they come and go.

Praise Thee for the pleasant music
Floating round us in the air ;
For the merry little warblers
Singing to us everywhere.

Praise Thee for the ties of kindred,
How dear no language can express ;
Praise Thee for the satisfaction
Of domestic happiness.

Praise Thee for the hope of heaven ;
For the joy Thy Word affords—
For the pardon, peace and safety
Found in Christ our risen Lord.

Praise Thee in the early morning,
Praise Thee at the noontide hour ;
And when all our toils are over
We will praise Thee more and more.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

'Tis Saturday night, and the weary
Are anxious for the rest ;
The quiet rest of the Sabbath day
That God for all has blest.
Waiting to hear the pleasant chimes
Call all to the holy place ;
To worship the God of their fathers
And bow before His face.

The weary world is tired of work
And welcomes the repose—
The blessed rest of the holy day
On which our Lord arose.
Rest, that soothes the careworn soul
When the week's toil is o'er,
As we worship in His temple
The God whom we adore.

We thank Thee, heavenly Father,
For the glorious Sabbath day,
For the joy and blessedness we feel
As we in Thy temple pray.

May we feel free to worship Thee
 From over anxious care,
 When, with our sacrifice of praise,
 We to Thy house repair.

When the night of death is near
 And the toils of life are o'er,
 May we pass along in safety
 To Canaan's blessed shore
 To praise Thee in Thy house above
 As we never praised before :
 To triumph in Redeeming love,
 To worship and adore.

AN ACROSTIC.

Retribution is God's sword,
 Ever be His name adored ;
 To the hardened He will be
 Regal in His majesty,
 Infinite in love and power—
 Bearing with us every hour.
 Unto Him we must resign,
 Toiling to improve the time ;
 In compassion He will save
 Only those who mercy crave.
 Notice this, repent, believe,
 and at once His love receive.

"ABIDE WITH US."

Gracious Lord! abide with us
In the dark and cloudy day ;
When sorrow is our portion
That we cannot drive away.
When every day and every hour
Is burdened with pain or care ;
And our way is sad and dreary,
Lord! tarry with us there.

"The day is far spent" in weeping
And the night draws on apace,
"Abide with us" until the dawn
And give us abounding grace ;
Reveal to us Thy presence
As our hearts within us burn ;
Tarry, dear Lord, and fill us—
We for Thy fullness yearn.

We know Thou hast ascended—
Thou art gone up on high—
To plead before our Father,
And bring Thy dear ones nigh.
In Thy gracious presence
Our daily prayer shall be—
In life, in death, forever,
O Lord abide with me.

FLOWERS.

How good our Heavenly Father is
Our cultured taste to please !
Making the world so beautiful
With flowers and shrubs and trees.
He might have given us food to eat—
Raiment to suit our station—
Without the many lovely things
That claim our admiration.

He gives flowers that we may hope
When all is dark and drear,
That His mysterious providence
Will make our pathway clear.
He gives them, too, to show His love
For our rebellious race :
To remind us of His tenderness—
His sovereign saving grace.

Sometimes flowers adorn our way,
Sometimes the thorns appear ;
No matter, as we are assured
The Lord we love is near.
If He cares for our pleasure
While in the world we stay,
Surely we can trust Him
To guide us every day.

"JEHOVAH JIREH."

When trouble and perplexity
Our daily steps attend,
'Tis wise to look at once to Him
Who is the sinner's Friend.
Tho' circumstances may be bad,
The blow may almost fall ;
The power of Him who reigneth
Can overthrow them all.

Friends may doubt and foes deride
Your hope of prompt relief ;
Trust the word of the Most High—
Their folly shall be brief.
"Jehovah Jireh " O believe it !
The promise cannot fail,
The word of Him who cannot lie
Shall certainly prevail.

Though poverty and sickness
To you much sorrow bring,
Bear it all with meekness—
Just tell it to your King.
Even should foul calumny
Your character assail,
Confide in His protection—
His word can never fail.

Always trust His gracious word,
 Do what you know is right ;
 Be in the path of duty found,
 And conquer in His might.
 Though all the powers of darkness
 Combine for your defeat,
 The Master's word is "fear not"—
 They surely shall be beat.

"MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU."

His peace, who came the world to save
 And all its woes to heal ;
 Peace that no earthly friend can give,
 No earthly foe can steal.

He keeps the soul in perfect peace
 That trusts alone in Him ;
 That leans upon Him constantly,
 Forsaking every sin.

"My peace I give" though in the world
 "Ye shall have tribulation ;"
 In Me ye may have rest and joy—
 And uttermost salvation.

Peace that passeth understanding,
 Its depth we cannot know—
 Far above our comprehending
 While we tarry here below.

When we cast our care on Jesus
And from human comfort cease,
He will sweetly whisper to us :
I will give you perfect peace.

Stronger than our greatest sorrow,
Deeper than our deepest woe,
Is the peace that Jesus gives us
When to Him in faith we go.

Blessed Jesus ! we do praise Thee
For Thy peace, so freely given
To the soul that's pressing onward
To a happy home in heaven.

“ HOME SWEET HOME.”

How pleasant in the evening hour,
When the day's work is done,
To turn our footsteps homeward
As we watch the setting sun ;
To dwell with pensive tenderness
On the meeting that's in store
With the beloved ones at home—
At our own cottage door.

And as we near the happy spot,
And watch the window pane,
To hear each little voice sing out :
“ Papa is home again,”

Then see another face look up,
 Smiling brightly as the rest—
 How gladly then we hasten on
 And clasp them to our breast.

As at the social board we meet,
 We ask the Lord above,
 To give His blessing with our food
 And fill our hearts with love.
 How gratefully we recognize
 As we thus upon Him call ;
 'Tis He who crowns our lives with good—
 'Tis He who gives us all.

There are who had these blessings once,
 Who possess them now no more ;
 Who muse in painful retrospect
 With hearts so sad and sore.
 They miss the face that was so dear—
 The touch that was so kind ;
 The sympathy so sweet and near
 That soothed the troubled mind.

The kindly voice, the cheerful tone,
 When the little daily cares
 Weighed on the spirit heavily,
 How sweet it was to hear !
 Now, that voice is hushed in death :
 And there is no one near
 To whisper words of tenderness,
 The saddened heart to cheer.

Wayside Songs.

So many gone, each vacant chair
Attest the solemn truth ;
Gone in the morning of their days,
In the early dawn of youth.
It might be worse, for some remain
To cheer the mourner's heart,
And, in the fight for daily bread,
Now gladly take their part.

Soon we'll meet the dear ones gone,
On that eternal shore,
Where sorrow, pain, or parting
Are felt and feared no more.
So let us struggle bravely on
Where'er our footsteps roam,
Until the Master calls us up
To dwell with them at Home.

PITY THE HEATHEN RACE.

Christians of every age and name,
To you I now appeal—
You, who really love the Lord :
Who know His love is real.

When you heard the Gospel message
Your very heart was stired,
As without let or hindrance
You listened to His word.

Wayside Songs.

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When you drank the living water
Your soul was satisfied,
As in the strength of grace divine
You gave up sin and pride.

My plea is for the Heathen Race
Who worship wood and stone—
Who have not heard of Jesus' love,
Or His salvation known.

Environed by sin and darkness,
Blinded by superstition,
God has given you the power
To alter their condition.

Send them word of Jesus' love
By the servants of the cross,
As they in tender sympathy
Go forth to win the lost.

Be true and conscientious,
Your feelings do not smother,
Or God at last may say to you :
Where is your heathen brother ?

A METHODIST.

A Methodist, how I love the name
First given as a badge of shame
To a few faithful men !
Who sought to do the will of God
By walking on the heavenly road—
Rejoicing in His name.

The mother of Wesley little knew
The work she was about to do
In the training of her son ;
Rules for method and order given,
To fit for usefulness and heaven,
This dear beloved one.

The habit formed in early youth
Of speaking just the simple truth
Clung to the noble man ;
He preached the Truth in Christ to all,
Implored them on His name to call,
That they might pardon gain.

Thousands who listened to his voice
Were led to make the happy choice—
To serve the Lord of all.
And some at once took up the strain,
Trying with him lost souls to gain
From the ruins of the fall.

We recognize and gladly own
 No matter by what name they're known
 The servants of the Lord ;
 Who work with voice, and pen, and brain,
 To spread the knowledge of His name—
 The knowledge of His word.

We love the Methodist Church the best,
 But we appreciate all the rest
 Who are working to make known
 The glorious, grand redeeming plan,
 Designed for saving sinful man
 Thro' Christ, and Him alone.

When we get home to heaven above
 And gaze in wonder and in love
 On His all-glorious face,
 We'll cast our crowns before His feet,
 As we, with joy, each other greet,
 And songs of triumph raise.

THE PRODIGAL.

A lad said to his sire one day,
 Will you give me my lawful share
 That I may travel in other lands
 And seek my fortune there ?
 His father kindly complied at once
 Though he felt pain and annoy ;
 For it almost broke his tender heart
 To part with his youngest boy.

The mother, too, we may suppose
Retired to pray and weep,
Leaving her son in care of Him
Who alone can safely keep.
The parting o'er, he started for
A country far away ;
Rejoicing in his liberty,
He felt so light and gay.

So glad to leave his father's house
And the mild restraints of home :
For he did not anticipate
The sorrows yet to come.
Determined to enjoy himself,
Away from all reproof,
He fell and sinned as he could not
While under his parent's roof.

Wasting his substance carelessly
In a sinful riotous life,
His days were full of merriment
And his heart was full of pride—
Feeding on husks and on straw
As no man gave him bread—
He thought of those he left at home,
Whose food was always good.

As thus he came unto himself
He said : " I will arise
And go unto my father,"
For he is good and wise.

His father saw a long way off,
 And ran to meet his child—
 Fell on his neck with tenderness
 And spoke in accents mild.

Prepared for him the fatted calf,
 And a ring put on his hand ;
 All were glad but the elder son,
 Who could not understand
 The need for any demonstration
 About his sinful brother ;
 In anger he would not go in
 Or try his wrath to smother.

How many like the elder son,
 Not being tempted to roam
 In pursuit of sinful pleasure
 From the Heaven-protected home,
 Look on with cold suspicion
 When a wanderer returns ;
 Seeking pardoning mercy
 In our gracious Father's arms.

Fain would we seek each erring one
 That has wandered from the fold,
 To bring them back with gentleness
 Before their hearts grow cold ;
 Not wound with cruel indifference
 A heart that's sick of sin,
 But lead them back to Jesus
 Who waits to take them in.

CHARACTER.

'Tis grand to own a character
That everyone respects ;
Better than gold or silver
Is the good that it effects.
To scorn with true integrity
All conduct small or mean—
To act with sterling honesty
In every place and scene.

To be true to our convictions
Of what is good and right,
Maintaining christian principle
With all our will and might.
Never yield through cowardice
A position that is just,
But bear in quiet patience
And leave to God the rest.

Character may be assailed
That is both true and pure ;
By the cruel tongue of slander
May even be obscured.
Reputation may thus suffer,
But only for a time ;
True character will bear the test
And will more brightly shine.

If character is really true
 And the Bible is our guide,
 The promises are our support
 And we in Christ abide.
 We really have no cause for fear
 Whate'er the world may do :
 Our blessed Lord and Master
 Will bring us safely through.

PROGRESS.

There are indications of progress
 In the earth both far and near ;
 We all are looking forward
 To an era bright and clear.
 Though much is said to the contrary
 The world is growing better,—
 We are living more in harmony
 With truth to the very letter.

Education is more appreciated ;
 In training the mind of youth
 There is every facility given
 For the acquisition of truth.
 The telegraph and the telephone
 Are bringing the nations nearer—
 So near that they can work together
 And make their progress clearer.

The christian church is laboring too
In the spirit of self-denial ;
Sharing in each grand endeavour
With steady persistent toil.
Travelling by land, sailing the sea,
To carry the news that makes all free—
Laying the basis of civilization
In every land in every nation.

If men can be won to serve the Lord—
To revere His name, His day, His word—
To give Him their hearts, to give Him all—
They will not under temptation fall.
Guided by Him in each transaction,
No matter what their rank or station,
If they for the right try wrong to redress
It may hasten the era of real progress.

Love for the Master is one great need,
Also the sowing of Gospel seed ;
If sown for the sake of love to Him—
Love for the souls of our fellowmen—
The harvest will most glorious be
Of progress, and light, and liberty ;
Come sow the seed, my brethren dear,
The world is waiting and willing to hear.

Come brothers, sisters and children, too ;
The harvest is ripe, reapers are few ;
Speak for your Master, tell the glad news,
Win them for Jesus: they cannot refuse.
They surely need both pardon and peace

From Christ our King, our blessed High Priest ;
Then in the world they will tell around
Of the joy and peace in Him they found.

If you aim for progress without pretence,
Try to inculcate the use of good sense ;
Grow with the times, gain wisdom each day—
Lead others to seek the excellent way.
Tell them of Jesus and His salvation ;
He died to save men of every nation—
Whatever color, of whatever race,
They all may accept His wonderful grace.

Work in this way till the end draws near
And the light of progress is very clear ;
Till all in the world acknowledge Him
Who gave Himself to banish sin.
Go, tell the glad news to every man,
In every place, whenever you can ;
Work on till you hear the sweet " Well done "—
Come, my child, to your heavenly home.

AN ACROSTIC.

Father, to us Thy Spirit give
As for Thy cause we try to live ;
Teach us what to do and say—
How to serve Thee every day :
Every moment, every hour
Resting in Thy love and power.

THE 24TH OF MAY.

To-day the country celebrates
The birthday of a Queen
As noble in her womanhood
As Queen has ever been.

With gentle grace and majesty
She occupies her station ;
Becoming to the dignity
Of such a mighty nation.

Though mistress of an empire
On which the sun ne'er sets,
In her the christian graces
In every form have met.

She sways with loving firmness
The sceptre that she wields,
And the people that she governs
Their loyal homage yield.

From every nation everywhere
She merits admiration :
From the peasant in the cottage
To the peer of noble station.

As our Queen, we reverence her
Much more than any other ;
But we have learned to love her
As maiden, wife and mother.

In her lonely widowhood
 True sympathy is given,
 And daily prayer ascends for her
 To the God of earth and heaven.

No rank or dignity of station
 Can be exempt from care,
 But in the sorrow of our Queen
 The Nation claims a share.

Grant her Thy protection, Lord !
 Uphold her by Thy might ;
 As the eve of life draws near
 Make her prospects bright.

When she resigns the royal crown
 That she has worn so long,
 May she wear a crown immortal
 And join the angels' song.

HEAVEN.

We often speak of heaven
 And its streets of purest gold ;
 Its jasper walls, its pearly gates,
 And fountains clear and cold ;
 As we speak, we often sing
 The praises of our God and King.

We often think of heaven
And the many mansions there
Ready for occupation
For all who are prepared ;
As we think our hearts we raise
In gratitude and fervent praise.

We often long for heaven
Mid the turmoil and the strife,
The weariness and struggling
Of this uncertain life.
As we long we upward look
In patient faith and joyous hope.

We often sing of heaven
When the day's work is done ;
Musing in the twilight hour
As we watch the setting sun ;
As we sing our hearts o'erflow,
Longing for the time to go.

If to sing or speak of heaven
Can such sweet comfort give !
What will our enjoyment be
When we go there to live ?
" Eye hath not seen nor ear heard "
The joy for us in Christ reserved.

When we get home to heaven
We'll be so much surprised
That we are counted worthy
To live above the skies :
Through our Lord we enter in,
Praise alone is due to Him.

CHRISTMAS.

Day of days, once more you bring
The Anniversary of our King !
Commemorative of the love
That brought Him to us from above.

Some who saw the brilliant star
Shine upon them from afar,
Came the Holy Child to greet,
Bowing lowly at His feet.

See ! the Mother with her Son,
In the stable, sad and lone ;
No room for Him within the Inn,
Though He is a royal King.

No room for Him who left a throne,
His Father's pity to make known :
Though at such tremendous cost
He won salvation for the lost.

No room for Him ! the world is fair,
And many seek their portion there,
Forgetting in their mirth and sin
The Master waits to enter in.

No room for Him whose tender love
Gives us hope of rest above ;
He came to cancel mortal sin—
Yet there is no room for Him.

Wayside Songs.

No room for Him ! is still the cry,
We can not tell the reason why
The sinful hearts He died to win,
Still hesitate to let Him in.

No room for Him ! we dare not say
On this glad eventful Day ;
Master ! claim us for Thine own—
Make each loyal heart Thy throne.

We celebrate Thy birthday Lord,
Thou art by many souls adored ;
Win Thy ever wid'ning way
Till all hearts Thy call obey.

GOD IS LOVE.

“ God is love,” consoling truth,
Proclaim it far and near ;
Sing it in tones of gladness,
Speak of it everywhere.

He gave His Son to ransom us
Because He loved us so ;
To save us from the misery
Of everlasting woe.

If we believe the record true
God gave us of His Son,
In Him is life forever more
And final rest at home.

Our hearts are full of gratitude
 For such abounding grace :
 When we see Him as He is,
 " We'll give Him nobler praise."



HAPPINESS.

True happiness is not of earth,
 It is of heavenly mould ;
 It will not grow on earthly soil—
 The climate is too cold.

Some seek it in pursuit of wealth,
 In having gold to spare,
 In trading at the busy mart—
 But ah ! it is not there.

Some seek it in the gambling hall,
 In sin and folly share
 The wild excitement of pursuit :
 But ah ! it is not there.

Some seek it in the ball-room :
 When they have time to spare
 They dance around in search of it ;
 But ah ! it is not there.

Some seek it in long journeys
 Around this world so fair ;
 They travel North, they travel South,
 But do not find it there.

To tell you where you'll find it,
This precious gem so rare,
Walk in the path of self-denial
And you will find it there.

Prostrate yourself at Jesus' feet
In penitence and prayer ;
'Tis found in all its blessedness
By those who seek it there.

BOOKS AND READERS.

There are books of all kinds, of every description,
Some that are good though they are fiction ;
They are too often read to pass away time—
Not always because they give tone to the mind.

We read them sometimes because they're alluring,
With feeling and pathos so very ensnaring ;
Sometimes we read them to drive away care,
Forgetting their power our souls to ensnare.

Extremes of all kinds are proverbially bad—
Too much reading may make people mad ;
To pursue one object day in and day out,
Would soon make a lunatic out and out.

We ought to be careful in our selection :
The books we read should bear inspection ;
We imbibe the tone of the writer's spirit
Though we cannot lay claim to his merit.

In all your reading of this be quite sure
That you tamper not with it is pure ;
Never countenance, by a word or look
A writer that scorns the Best of Books.

Learn what you can, read what you may,
But strive in the pathway of truth to stay ;
Improve every hour as best you are able
And finish each day by reading the Bible.

It will guide you in life, console you in death,
Sustain when in weakness you pant for breath ;
If you follow its teaching, when this life is o'er
You may land in safety on Canaan's shore.

APRIL.

Like a maiden young and fair,
Blushing with a timid air ;
Like the lovely dawn of day
Ere the darkness rolls away.

Like the promise that appears
Sanctified by smiles and tears,
Like the pleasure that we knew
As we thought that all were true.

Like the hope we cherish here
Far above this earthly sphere ;
Like a dream of coming joy
That no malice can destroy.

Harbinger of summer days,
Bright with variegated rays ;
Pasture sweet, and fresh and green,
Adding beauty to the scene.

Trees we might imagine dead
Budding into life instead ;
Rising from the Winter's storm
All creation to adorn.

Flowers growing in the shade,
Blooming in the forest glade ;
Birds in rapture with the earth
Singing out their joy and mirth.

If this transitory sphere,
So filled with beauty rare,
Is not, cannot be, our rest
Are we not supremely blest ?

While we tarry here below
What real pleasure we may know !
Tracing in each scene so fair
Our Creator's love and care.

As we on the border stand
Of another brighter land,
We will grateful praises sing
To our Father, Saviour, King !

HERE AND THERE.

Here, the sun obscured by clouds,
Woe and darkness, death and shrouds ;
In grief and suffering to share,
And every day our burden bear.

There, the sunshine of God's smile,
Joy that shall each soul beguile ;
In perfect rest and perfect peace
Where discord must forever cease.

Here, the pain, the toil and weakness—
Much of sorrowful lonely dreariness ;
Here, the terrible grief and strife
That form a part of every life.

There, no fear of separation ;
There, no danger of temptation—
No need for tears, no doubts or fears—
But happiness thro' endless years.

Here, dear ties by death are broken,
Parting words in sorrow spoken ;
Here, daily aspirations rise
For rest beyond the starry skies.

There, above death's power forever,
Drinking from the crystal river,
Rejoicing at our Master's feet,
Walking with Him the golden street.

There, we'll know Him as our King,
As we with the Angels sing ;
Learning with that happy throng
The music of the glad "New Song."

"JUST AS I AM."

"Just as I am," with all my sin and woe,
I come ; O Lord to me Thy mercy show.
Hush this storm of grief within my heart ;
Help me now to choose the better part.

"Just as I am," there is no good in me,
Grieving for sin I come at once to Thee ;
Seeking forgiveness at Thy feet I bow ;
Look in mercy, Lord ! and hear me now.

"Just as I am," mourning my misspent life,
Tired of sin and weary of the strife ;
Father look down, heal my sinsick soul !
For Thy mercy's sake now make me whole.

"Just as I am," Christ only is my plea,
For His sake in pity look on me ;
He pleads before the throne for everyone—
Listen, Lord ! to Thy beloved Son.

"Just as I am," Thou canst not say me nay,
Jesus is the life, the Truth, the Way ;
He suffered so, while in this world below,
That every contrite soul may pardon know.

"Just as I am," I can and will rejoice,
For in my heart I hear Thy gentle voice ;
Like sweet music coming down from heaven
It whispers to my soul "Thou art forgiven !"

"Just as I am," I'll bow before His Throne,
And in his dear presence quite at home ;
In adoration at His feet I'll bow
Who pardons all my sin and saves me now.

"MIGHTY TO SAVE."

"Mighty to save" the vilest one
Who comes to Him in prayer,
Bowing at the mercy-seat,
Kneeling in sorrow there.
Though stained with sin as deep
As man can ever know,
He shall be made as beautiful
As freshly fallen snow

"Mighty to save" the fallen ones,
No matter how deeply sunk
In the vortex of their misery,
If only they repent.
See ! how He stoops to listen
As she sadly murmurs o'er :
When accusers fled, He gently said
"Go--and sin no more."

Wayside Songs.

Well may we join to praise Him
Who is so strong to save
The vilest and the weakest
From the terrors of the grave !
The grave of sin and sorrow !
To pardon, peace and love—
To the spotless purity
Of the Paradise above.

“ Mighty to save,” most blessed Lord
Set every wheel in motion ;
Till everyone in every land
Has heard of this salvation.
Help us, Lord, by voice and pen
To spread this blessed story,
Till we leave this mortal scene
To sing of it in glory.

PERSERVERANCE.

When trouble or perplexity
Our onward course impede,
We should by perserverance
Determine to succeed.

Tho' darkness seems to shadow
The path we daily tread,
If we purpose to do right
It is best to go ahead.

Tho' difficulties may be great
It is folly to sit still ;
Much may be accomplished
By a determined will.

Many an awful battle,
In feebleness begun,
Has ended in the victory
By perseverance won.

When satan tries to win us
From the pursuit of right,
If we resist his stratagems
He'll take a sudden flight.

He is an arrant coward,
As every christian knows
Who has felt the enmity
Of his cruel blows.

He dared to try our Master,
The Lord of earth and sky ;
He will not spare His servants—
To win them he will try.

The conflict may be terrible
But the victory is sure ;
There is no doubt about it
If we to the end endure.

So in the strength of Jesus
We'll follow where He leads ;
Thankful that He ever lives
For us to intercede.

And when we near the harbor,
When the haven is in sight,
We'll soar away in triumph
To dwell with Him in light.

IN MEMORIAM.

Beloved ! art thou really gone
From this lone vale of tears ;
Shall we hear thy voice no more
In all the coming years ?
It grieved us so to witness pain
That we could not relieve,
Now thou art where pain is not,
We thankfully believe.
We dare not wish you back again
To scenes by grief oppress'd ;
Thou art happy now forever
In the mansions of the blest.
In God's time we'll meet again
On the eternal shore,
And sing together of the love
That brought us safely o'er.
Farewell dear, it won't be long,
We'll think of you in love
Until we cross the Jordan
To meet again above.

LIFE LIKE A MAZE.

Our path is frequently like a maze,
As we pursue its various ways
We wonder why we don't succeed
In more satisfactory speed.

At times we come to a sudden pause,
We know not how to go on at all ;
Two or three ways seem equally clear
But which is best does not appear.

Often it is like a tangled skein
We have tried to unravel in vain ;
At last we give up in sheer despair
Forgetting victory may be near.

The problems of life we cannot solve ;
Though there may be much involved,
It is better when in such a plight
To walk by faith and not by sight.

If we ask the Lord to be our guide,
Forsaking sin, and self, and pride,
There's something better yet in view
If we to principle prove true.

Doing it all in the strength of Him
Who came to take away our sin ;
That way for us is certainly best
Which leads us up to perfect rest.

Instead of wasting precious time
In discontent and useless whine ;
We'll do our best and trust in God
To guide us on the upward road.



ASPIRE.

Seek to associate with those
Whose lives are good and true ;
Who in each trying circumstance
Strive what is best to do—
Who act with conscientiousness,
Although it may involve
A sacrifice on their part,
They still for right resolve.

Aspire to act a noble part
In the battle for the right ;
Even when you stand alone
Just fight with all your might.
The right shall surely triumph,
It cannot be defeated ;
Be true to it at all events
And wrong shall be unseated.

Aspire to take an active part
In every grand endeavor ;
For the help of the oppress'd
Give sympathy and favor.
Aspire to serve the Lord of all,
Be in the foremost rank
Of those who are most valiant.
And never fear or flinch.

Aspire to live in fellowship
 With Jesus Christ our Lord ;
 To exemplify in daily life
 The precepts of His Word.
 'Then, when the end draws near
 And you lay your armor down,
 He will bid you welcome home
 To wear the victor's crown.

HIGHER.

Higher in our mode of living,
 Higher in intelligence,
 Higher in our daily practice
 Of the use of common sense.
 In using judgment for ourselves
 Of what is really good and wise ;
 Seeking always light from heaven
 That we may higher rise.

Higher in our ministrations
 To all who are in need ;
 Higher in our constant efforts
 To sow the gospel seed.
 Showing how we sympathize
 With grief in every form ;
 Leading those to trust in Jesus
 Who are the most forlorn.

Wayside Songs.

Higher in our social pleasures,
In the means that we employ
To secure for fleeting moments
Little gleams of passing joy.
Higher in acts of selfdenial
That we can practice every day ;
Helping some poor weary soldier
In the blessed narrow way.

Higher in the sweet communion
We enjoy with Him we love :
Striving always to be ready
For our happy home above.
Seeking for the Holy Spirit
To baptize our hearts with fire,
Waiting for the welcome summons :
Come beloved, come up higher.

THE OLD YEAR.

The year is growing very old,
Its final hour has come,
It must join the centuries
That are already gone.
It bears upon its pages
The records that are traced—
Which in the coming ages
Can never be effaced.

It is for some a calendar
 Of noble effort made,
 That no successful strategy
 Can cast into the shade.
 Of some it has recorded
 What they fain would hide :
 Of wasted opportunities,
 Of idleness and pride.

No effort can obliterate
 The actions of the past,
 They are indeed indelible
 And cannot be recast.
 Good bye old year, we must part :
 Whatever may portend,
 We'll sing a song of gratitude
 As thy moments end.

Another year is coming
 With pages clear and fair,
 Lord, help us to be careful
 Of what is within there.
 Another year, dear Master !
 May we from evil flee,
 And prove by loving service
 Our loyalty to Thee.

BELOVED.

" The beloved of the Lord shall dwell
In safety by His side ;"
Protected by Almighty power
Whatever may betide.

He shall dwell between His shoulders,
Be sheltered by His love,
The Lord shall cover him always
That he may faithful prove.

By gifts of grain and precious fruit
He shall be satisfied ;
All things needful for this life
His Father will provide.

His shoes are of iron and brass,
And his foes before him flee,
When contending with his enemies :
As his day his strength shall be.

The eternal God is his refuge,
And underneath are spread
The everlasting arms of love,
While mercy crowns his head.

How happy is the christian man,
The beloved of the Lord !
Who exemplifies in daily life
Obedience to His Word.

Rejoicing in the Father's love
 While yet he lingers here ;
 Hoping soon to hear His voice
 In the celestial sphere.

LIFE.

Life is a problem yet unsolved
 Tho' many have tried to solve it ;
 It is a boon we cannot give
 Nor can we understand it.
 The air, the sea and the forest,
 Just like an open book,
 Are teeming with vitality
 Whichever way we look.

The life of insects, birds and trees
 We cannot comprehend ;
 Tho' each gives ample evidence
 Of our Creator's hand.
 He gave them life, no other could ;
 And gives to each a share
 Of His protecting Providence—
 Of His Almighty care.

He gives us life that we may live
 To seek the good of others :
 To show that we regard them all
 As sisters and as brothers.

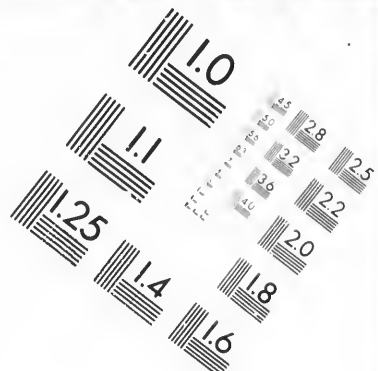
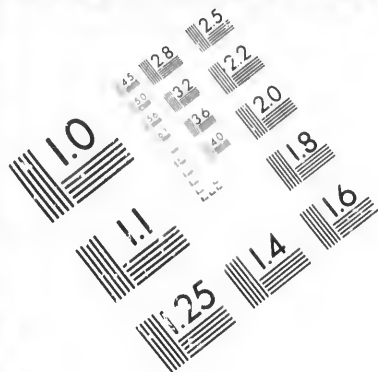
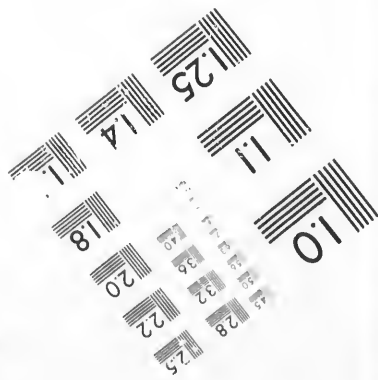
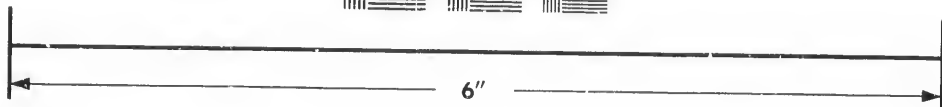
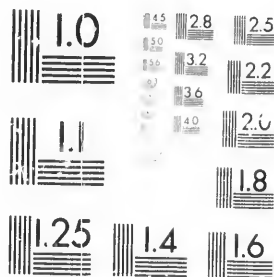


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Wayside Songs.

We will improve this precious gift
By striving to impart
The knowledge of redeeming love
To every sin-sick heart.

Winning the weary back again
Who have left the Shepherd's care ;
Telling how they all may find
Safety and succor there.
Then, when at last we fall asleep
In the dawning of the light,
The King will bid us welcome
To the realm of endless life.

DEATH.

Death is a very solemn fact
On which we all should ponder ;
If quite unconcerned about it,
'Tis a very serious blunder.
Death in the very dawn of life
Is sad indeed to see ;
Though we know the babe is safe—
From sin and sorrow free.

Death in the bud of early youth
Is even sadder still ;
Though we know it must be right
As it is our Father's will.

Death in early womanhood,
Or manhood in its prime,
Is too great a mystery
For mortals to define.

Death comes to some so suddenly
In the zenith of their fame ;
Tho' in the midst of usefulness
They do not long remain.
We cannot comprehend it
With our imperfect sight :
Our Father holds the key of death,
Therefore it must be right.

Death at a moment's warning
May bring the summons soon,
Lord help us to be ready,
Morning, night or noon ;
As we listen to the call
And yield our latest breath
May we gain the happy shore
Where there is no more death.

WEEP NOT.

Weep not for dear ones passed away
If in the Lord they died ;
They are only gone to live with Him
Forever by His side.

Weep not or wish them back again,
They are only gone before
To welcome you at evening-time
To rest on the golden shore .

Weep not, though it was hard to part
Because they loved you so ;
The Lord, who sees the future, knew
It was best for them to go.

Weep not, He makes no mistakes ;
" He is too wise to err,"
He'll call you too, in His good time,
In all their joy to share.

Weep not, they have escaped so much
Of grief, and pain, and care ;
Temptation cannot reach them now—
They're safe and happy there.

But if you weep, remember this,
Beyond the starry skies
Your Father waits to wipe the tears
Forever from your eyes.

SALVATION.

No language can at all explain
The story of salvation,
Or tell the praise of Him who died
For our emancipation.

That God in His great majesty
Should stoop to care for man,
Is what we cannot comprehend
Or hope to understand.

Angels longed to look into
This mystery of grace,
As they bowed in adoration
Before our Father's face.

It is enough for us to know
The Father gave His Son—
Jesus at once gave up Himself—
And heaven for us was won.

Wonderful love ! past human thought
Or angels' comprehension,
That gives to every contrite heart
Full, uttermost salvation.

Go, tell it on the mountain top,
That all the world may know
The precious blood shed for them
Can make them pure as snow.

Speak of it in the early morn,
Talk of it noon and night,
Till you sing of it forever more
In His immediate sight.

SORROW.

We all know the meaning of sorrow,
Some know the most desolate woe ;
Some look after trouble to borrow :
Others live only trouble to know.

Some lives seem to float on the surface—
Deep feeling their hearts never stirred ;
When we speak of the sorrow of others
They listen, but pay no regard.

Bereavement may come to their neighbors,
Bringing poverty, sickness and grief ;
So long as their sky is unclouded
They care not to proffer relief.

There are some who make it their mission,
Their lifework, to comfort and soothe
All others, whate'er their condition,
Whose hearts by sorrow are moved.

They learn in the school of the Master
The secret of sympathy true ;
They know when to speak or be silent,
When the sorrow of others they view.

Sweet spirit of love and compassion !

Teach us the most excellent way

To share in the sorrow of others—

To shed on their path a bright ray.

To lead them to Jesus our Shepherd—

Our Comforter, Saviour and Friend ;

When life and its sorrows are over

May they enter on life without end.



SUBMISSION.

On that awful night of anguish

When the disciples slept,

While Jesus bowed in agony

Of blood and tears and sweat,

With what gentle meek submission

He bore His Father's will,

And taught us by example

To suffer and be still.

And with what amazing patience

He bore the treacherous kiss

That betrayed Him to His foes—

To their cruel taunt and hiss ;

Forsaken by His followers

And left to stand alone :

Was ever meekness such as this

In suffering ever shown ?

Then, when in subtle wickedness
They crowned His head with thorns,
He bore with lamb-like patience
Regardless of their scorn.
And when denied by Peter
With the awful oath he took,
With what surprising meekness
He reproved him with a look.

And as the soldiers mocked Him,
While the mob blasphemed,
All was mixed by human hate—
Those who watched believed.
He took it from His Father's hand
While praying for His foes ;
“ Father forgive,” He pleaded :
What they do, they do not know.

So we when in the furnace tried
Of malice, grief or woe,
Must recognize our Father's hand
And not resent it so ;
If we bear in childlike patience
His wise and gracious will,
Through all the din and turmoil
We may hear His “ Peace, be still !”

ORDER.

“ Order is Heaven's first law,”
 It has been wisely said,
 Expressive of the wisdom
 Of our exalted Head.
 Our Father is so gracious,
 So merciful and kind ;
 And all creation demonstrates
 The wisdom of His mind.

The planets in true order move,
 The stars their course fulfil,
 Giving light on darkest night
 Obedient to His will.
 Seasons in rotation come
 And in succession go ;
 While all things round about us
 His love for order show.

Day and night successively,
 As cause precedes effect,
 And everything in nature
 His wisdom doth reflect ;
 If in His allwise Providence
 He is so kind and good,
 The marvel of redeeming love
 May well be understood.

Wayside Songs.

He gave His Son to ransom us
From sin that brought our woe ;
To give us peace forever more,
Because He loved us so.
But even in His saving plan
True order is revealed :
Repent, believe, then pardon
Is on the conscience sealed.

Come ye weary, sinsick souls,
And test this saving grace,
That you may live rejoicing
The remnant of your days.
And when the radiant brightness
Of heaven beams on your sight,
You shall live with Christ forever
And in His love delight.

AN ACROSTIC.

Almighty God we look to Thee !
Lead us all our need to see ;
Make us more like Christ our Lord
In our every deed and word ;
Give us grace to follow Him,
Hating pride, and self, and sin ;
Take us, help us to be free,
Yielding all we have to Thee.

“JESUS WEPT.”

He wept in tender sympathy
 Where the dear one lay,
 As He groaned in spirit said
 Take ye the stone away.
 As he wept o'er Lazarus dead
 He also weeps with you—
 Tell Him all about your grief,
 His sympathy is true.

Who die in Christ shall rise again
 At His supreme command—
 Enter the realms of perfect joy
 And in His presence stand.
 Can the Lord omnipotent
 Still care for us below?
 Is He touched by our infirmities?
 Doth He our sorrows know?

Ah! yes, hear what He said of those
 Whose anguish made them weep:
 “I know their sorrows,” I came down
 To give them prompt relief.
 And as He always is the same,
 Both yesterday and forever,
 We dare not doubt His faithfulness—
 He will forsake us, never.

BANNERS.

We'll lift up our banners in His dear name
Who died to save us from sin and shame ;
Tell the glad news, and never get weary :
Speak of it always in tones most cheery.
'Tis a glorious theme of which to treat,
A blessed subject on which to speak ;
Tho' Angels may talk of this joyous theme,
Not as those who have been redeemed.

Things into which they desired to look
Are to poor sinners an open book ;
As they never sinned they cannot know
How much to Christ poor sinners owe.
Yet they rejoice when a soul is won
And starts the christian race to run :
There is joy in the presence of the Lord
When pilgrims seek the heavenly road.

Then raise the banner of salvation,
Send the glad news to every Nation ;
Beyond the boundary of the sea
Send the message that makes all free ;
Win trophies from the ranks of sin,
Strive their souls for Christ to win ;
Never despair, but labor to save
The souls for whom His life He gave.

SUNRISE.

'Tis pleasant in the early morn,
 After a restless night,
 To see the glowing sun arise,
 Filling the world with light ;
 To watch the clouds roll slowly by
 In light so bright and clear :
 Like sorrow before sympathy
 When loving friends are near.

When the thunderstorm is raging
 And the lightning's vivid glare
 Reveals to us the heavy cloud,
 The tempest everywhere,
 How gladly we note a tiny rift
 In the darkest cloud of all !
 And see a ray of light peep through
 As its beams upon us fall.

So when temptation tries the soul
 And all seems dark as night,
 If we in faith resist the foe
 How soon he takes his flight !
 And as a ray of light appears,
 Revealing our Father's face,
 The soul looks up and triumphs
 Through His sustaining grace.

POVERTY.

Poverty is inconvenient
Although 'tis no disgrace ;
It is a shoe that pinches hard
And checks our onward pace.
It hinders us when we aspire
To what we may think better,
And binds us to another course
As tight as any fetter.

Tho' some have burst the iron band
To rise above their station,
To be admired and honored
By the noble of the nation,
There are many whose ambition
Should help them to succeed :
But how it is they do not
Is very strange indeed.

Perhaps they could not bear success,
Or there may be work to do
In the station they now occupy
That's just as good and true.
It is not needful to be rich
In order to be good ;
Among the poor are noble ones,
'Tis fully understood.

A shabby dress or faded coat
 May hide a loyal heart :
 Fine clothing does not help us
 To act a noble part.
 No need to blush for poverty
 Though it is hard to bear,
 If in the battle for the right
 We try to take our share

COMFORT.

Your dear one is not dead,
 So wipe your weeping eyes :
 She has gone to live forever
 Beyond the starry skies.

Called so suddenly away,
 No note of warning given ;
 Gently closing her eyes on earth
 To open them in heaven.

For while she tarried with us
 She took a noble part,
 Trying to serve the Lord of all
 In singleness of heart.

So, as you grieve remember,
 Tho' hearts are sad and sore,
 Earth has one attraction less—
 Heaven has one more.

Wayside Songs.

The Master cares, take comfort,
He wept o'er Lazarus dead ;
Comfort in the sympathy
Of your exalted Head.

Soon He'll beckon you away
To meet those gone before ;
To join the heavenly music
On the eternal shore.

His love can never fail you,
He'll give sustaining grace,
Till you see Him as He is
And with the angels praise.

MOTHER LOVE.

In the happy days of childhood,
When life was full of glee,
We gladly left our play awhile
And sat by mother's knee,
To listen to the story told
So many times before—
So often in the twilight hour
Repeated o'er and o'er.

A mother's love—there cannot be
 A love on earth more pure ;
 Love that delights in sacrifice
 Our welfare to secure.
 A father's love is true and strong :
 On it we can depend ;
 But mother-love is tenderness
 That through all time extends.

The tender love of life-long friends
 Who sympathize in heart :
 So brave, enduring, strong and true
 When circumstances part ;
 Love for brothers and sisters dear
 So charming to behold :
 The girls so kind and thoughtful,
 The boys so strong and bold.

The love of father, mother, son,
 Of brother, sister, friend,
 Fades in insignificance
 Before the love of Him
 Who died to save our fallen race—
 To give us life and peace—
 With hope of perfect happiness
 When our labors cease.

WISDOM.

Wisdom is the principal thing,
So seek it with all your heart :
Pursue it with steady purpose
And with all your follies part.
“ Be not wise in thine own eyes,”
Learn as you journey along :
One fact here, another there,
Will help you to be strong.

“ The upright shall dwell in the land
But the wicked shall be cut off ;”
Though they prosper for a time
They shall not always scoff.
“ Ponder the path of thy feet,”
Walk in the narrow way,
Be guided by the word of God
And in its precepts stay.

True wisdom will make you happy,
If the Master is your guide :
He careth for His faithful ones
And will their wants supply.
Will all thy getting get wisdom,
Serve God with heart sincere ;
In every trial He will sustain
And make your pathway clear.

Be wise to win souls for Jesus,
 Be faithful in His cause ;
 Let others see you are happy
 Keeping His righteous laws.
 If thus you honor the Master
 He will prove your friend,
 And help you on life's journey
 Till the journey ends.

BOYS AND TOBACCO.

If you would be respected, boys,
 Never use the weed,
 For of many foolish habits
 It is the very seed.

Too often it leads to drinking,
 And a little gambling, too ;
 If you once begin to use it
 You'll find my words are true.

It hurts the health and soils the breath,
 It is so rank and foul ;
 And what is more important,
 It may affect the soul.

Wayside Songs.

Of course, you can avoid all this
If you are true and firm,
When the cruel tempter whispers
There really is no harm.

But the habit when once formed
Is very hard to break,
Therefore be strong and resolute
When so much is at stake.

To speak against tobacco smoke
For me is nothing new,
And if there is one thing I hate
'Tis to see a person chew.

I hope you will excuse me, boys,
For giving my advice ;
But I wish to see you manly—
In all your actions nice.

Strive to do good in every place,
Shun what is mean or small,
Then, when temptation offers,
You need not fear a fall.

Place your trust in God, boys,
He'll help you in the fight,
And give both strength and courage
To always do the right.

TURN.

Turn to the Lord with all your heart,
 From every sin and folly part ;
 No more His love and mercy spurn,
 But yield at once and to Him turn.
 He waits to give your soul release,
 To fill your heart with perfect peace ;
 He'll take your sin and guilt away
 If you will own His gentle sway.

Turn to Him now, no more delay,
 No longer from His service stay ;
 Defer not, lest it be too late
 To save you from an awful fate.
 Turn now, and you shall surely see
 His great salvation, full and free ;
 Give Him your heart, your life, your all,
 As on His name you humbly call.

When you've turned be like a rock,
 Treasure the truth of the holy Book,
 Trust the promises, study the Word,
 Cleave with loyal heart to the Lord.
 If this you do He'll be your guide
 And help you on, what'er betide ;
 Trust Him fully and never fear,
 He will your barque in safety steer.

PERFECT SAFETY.

'Tis good to feel safe, tho' danger may threaten—
Though we have reason to feel disheartened—
Terrible danger may appear very near,
Still trust in the Lord and be of good cheer.

Though foes may annoy and worry us, too :
Friends may fail we hoped to find true—
Tho' our path be darkened by sorrow's blight
"Have faith in God," it will all come right.

We know 'tis hard, when all things go wrong,
To hope for the best : be patient and strong ;
Still we should trust in all our sorrow,
For maybe relief is coming to-morrow.

The darkest hour in the longest night
Is just before the morning's light ;
The darkest cloud has a silver lining,
For just beyond the sun is shining.

When tried in the furnace of grief and pain,
Remember, by patience you strength obtain ;
Don't fret, but cast your care on Him
Who died to save you from death and sin.

As He gave Himself to redeem your soul
He will not anything good withhold ;
Be loyal and upright in every way,
Till time shall bring you a brighter day.

Your safety depends on your trust in God—
Fear nothing but sin when under the rod ;
He knows what training will suit you best,
You may safely leave to Him the rest.

Press bravely on, you have nothing to fear,
No evil can harm you when Jesus is near ;
He'll call you home when your toils are o'er,
And welcome you to the heavenly shore.

How good to be safe, to know all is well !
Our gratitude should in anthems swell ;
In life we'll praise, in death we'll sing
The honors of our Lord and King.

When we have crossed the narrow stream
We'll sing His praises just the same ;
As we sing below, we will sing above
The triumphs of Redeeming love.

FAREWELL ! OLD YEAR.

Farewell ! old year ; we almost feel
Like parting with a friend :
Recently we welcomed thee—
Now thou art near thine end.
Going to join the eternity
Of years before the flood ;
Bearing a faithful record
Of evil and of good.

We hope the good predominates,
That much has been attained ;
That many true and loyal hearts
May have no cause for shame.
How many hopes have perished
Since thou wast usher'd in !
How many hearts been wounded
By grief, and death and sin !

Such varied prospects blighted
That promised such delight ;
So many left in loneliness
By sorrow's withering blight.
Still we have cause for gratitude
Though there is much we miss ;
We hope to reach a better land
Where all is joy and bliss.

Now, we welcome thy successor
As once we welcome thee ;
While trusting in the Lord above
We fear not what may be.
Casting all our care on Him
We need not doubt or fear ;
Hoping to serve Him faithfully
Through all the coming year.

REST.

How pleasant to rest quietly,
 After fatigue or pain !
 Feeling we have earned repose,
 We try fresh strength to gain.
 How gladly when the fight is o'er
 The soldier tries to rest !
 Forgets the horrors of the siege
 As slumber calms his breast.

How grateful when a storm of grief
 Has rent our hearts in twain,
 To sink into forgetfulness
 And peace by rest obtain !
 Tho' when we waken it is hard
 To realize our grief ;
 We could not bear the shock at all
 But for this sweet relief.

How pleasant to the mariner,
 After the storms at sea,
 To sail into the harbor
 And thus in safety be !
 Feeling that danger is over
 He may securely sleep,
 Trusting fully the care of Him
 Who alone can safely keep.

Wayside Songs.

How pleasant at the close of life,
When pain and grief are o'er,
And our sorrows all forgotten
As we gain the other shore,
To feel we are drawing nearer
To the land of perfect rest—
The home prepared for us above,
In the mansions of the blest.

AN ACROSTIC.

Blessed Lord we come to Thee !
Lowly at Thy feet we bow ;
Every sin we would confess,
Save us Jesus, save us now.
Surely Thou canst heal us Lord !
Even as in times of yore
Delighting in Thy power to cure.

Saviour hear us, as we call ;
Answer our pleading cries :
Verily Lord we need Thy help
In travelling to the skies.
O come and make us happy here,
Upward, onward may we steer,
Rejoicing in Thy love and fear.

COMPLETE.

Complete in Him, who came to save
 Poor wretched, sinful man :
 Who gave Himself to ransom them
 From sin, and death, and shame.
 Complete in Him whose agony
 Appeared like drops of blood—
 When in the dark Gethsemane
 He bowed in prayer to God.

Complete in Him who bore the cross ;
 Doing His Father's will
 Until He sank beneath its weight
 Upon the dreary hill.
 Complete in Him who took the cup
 Of bitterness and woe,
 And drained it to the very dregs,
 His wondrous love to show.

Complete in Him who lay in death,
 So helpless and so lone,
 Resting in a borrowed grave,
 Hewn from a block of stone.
 Complete in Him who broke the seal
 That Pilate had decreed
 Should keep Him there a prisoner,
 As he hoped and believed.

Wayside Songs.

Complete in Him who ever lives
To plead our cause on high ;
Who overcame both sin and hell
To bring poor sinners nigh.
Complete ! oh, let us follow Him
With swift, obedient feet,
Rejoicing that He calls us all
To be in Him complete.

SUMMER DAYS.

In summer time, when days are bright,
And every scene is bathed in light,
We gladly wander into the shade
Of some sequestered quiet glade.

Sauntering there in a lovely spot,
We muse awhile in serious thought,
Longing for something nobler, higher,
To which we may in time aspire

Thinking of scenes in other lands,
Of beauty by the ocean strand,
Of sorrows borne long years ago
That left a blight on all below.

Of loved ones, who are gone before,
Who were so dear in days of yore ;
Ready to go, in Christ forgiven.
From pain on earth to rest in heaven.

As thus we muse in the waning light
We almost long to take our flight ;
To leave this world of sin and care
And live with Christ forever there.

It cannot be, we must do our work,
Nor from the toil or duty shirk ;
Winning souls from the ranks of sin
That they with us may enter in.

What if we have some pain and care !
We'll work away without a fear ;
After the toil and victory won
The time for rest will surely come.

THE JOY OF SERVICE.

All those who love the Master,
Who serve the King of kings,
Can tell by sweet experience
The joy such service brings ;
Thankful for the liberty
That Christ alone can give,
To them it is imperative
For Him alone to live.

To all who love Him truly
He gives sweet peace and rest,
And everything about them
Is ordered for the best ;

Wayside Songs.

His yoke is always easy,
His burden is so light
That obedience is pleasure
And service a delight.

The labor may be lowly,
But even a little thing
Becomes of great importance
If done to please the King :
To give a gentle message,
By the Spirit given—
To bid the tired sufferer
Hope for rest in heaven.

What joy to win the sinner
From the error of his ways !
To teach the blessed harmony
Of pardon, love and praise ;
There is joy in sympathy,
With sorrow we may share :
'Tis joy to help the mourner
His load of grief to bear.

The christian will be joyful
If word and life accord
With the glorious teaching
Of our gracious Lord ;
Following in His footsteps
In communion sweet,
We'll serve until He calls us
To worship at His feet.

FELIX TREMBLED.

How many like Felix have trembled
 When the message of mercy they heard !
Like Agrippa "almost persuaded"
 To yield their hearts to the Lord.
But leaving the house of His glory,
 Mingling again in life's race,
Put off for a season indefinite
 Seeking salvation by grace.

When mourning for dear ones departed,
 For a time they are soften'd by grief ;
They seem to be "almost persuaded,"
 Yet their contrition is brief.
When trials domestic or otherwise
 Are disturbing the peace of the mind,
They appeal to God in their trouble—
 They own He is tender and kind.

So many who love them are waiting
 To hear their decision is made—
That now they will come to the Saviour
 Who only can pardon and save.
But the world is to them so alluring,
 With its fashion, its glitter and glare,
That though they are "almost persuaded"
 They yield to its follies and snares.

No longer be "almost persuaded"

But come to your Saviour and Lord,
He waits to receive you with favor

If you come believing His word.
Come ! lest he swear in His anger
That you shall not enter His rest ;
Come ! while the way is still open
That leads to safety and rest.

KINDNESS.

Who can tell the wondrous power
Of service true and kind,
That lulls into forgetfulness
The sorrows of the mind ?
As in the dawning sunlight
The darkness disappears,
So the voice of tenderness
Can chase away our fears.

Though sorrow beyond expression
May fill the aching heart,
The tenderness of sympathy
Some comfort will impart ;
The poor convict in his cell
It must be hard to win,
Seared as his conscience is
By the pursuit of sin.

Even he may be constrained
 His wickedness to own,
 Won to penitence at last
 By kind alluring tone.
 The winning charm of kindness
 No language can explain ;
 It can cheer the desolate
 And mitigate their pain.

It has fascinating power
 The sufferer to beguile ;
 Told sometimes by gentle look
 Or tender loving smile.
 If we by human kindness
 Can cheer a dreary hour,
 Well may we trust the kindness
 That has Almighty power.

SINCERITY.

Sincerity of character
 Is what we all admire :
 Those who do not practice it
 Will to the name aspire.
 Some are false as they can be
 But strive to imitate ;
 The semblance of sincerity
 Is theirs at any rate.

Wayside Songs.

It is wrong to claim possession
Of what we do not own :
With some it is so common
It has to habit grown.
They do not see how mean it is
To give a false impression ;
Tho' as bad as an open lie
It is much more the fashion.

Even some who seem devoted
To Christ our blessed Lord !
Are not as sincere in action
As they claim to be in word ;
How needful that we always watch
And pray, for strength and grace
To be loyal and true to everyone,
At every time and place !

By grace let us exemplify
In every word and act
The practice of sincerity,
Confining ourselves to fact.
Sincere in faithful service,
Seeking strength each day
To prove we love the Master,
As we journey on our way.

SADNESS.

When the sad heart is wounded
And overwhelmed by grief,
How earnestly we long to find
Some solace and relief!

The mind is almost tempted
To yield to blank despair;
We see no hope in anything—
No comfort anywhere.

Our life appears a burden
Too heavy to be borne;
Thus satan tries to tempt us
The gifts of God to scorn.

Missing some who loved us
In the happy days of yore;
Who passed away before us
To rest on the other shore.

They left a void behind them
That never has been filled;
A longing for their presence
That never can be stilled.

Yet there are sorrows keener
Than even death can bring—
That cast a deeper shadow
And leave a sharper sting.

Wayside Songs.

'Tis true we mourn our dear ones
But hope relieves the pain ;
The day is not far distant
When we shall meet again.

Since there is so much sadness
We cannot bear alone,
We'll tell it to our Father
As we bow before the throne.

So many forms of suffering
We do not understand,
But we can trust His goodness
Where we cannot see His hand.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Now, dear friend, I wish you joy
On this your natal day :
May He who only is supreme
Be your strength and stay.
Trust His Word, acknowledge Him,
Whatever may betide,
And He will keep you ever
"Close to His bleeding side."

As the years glide swiftly by
 May you fully realize
 That you live in daily meetness
 For rest above the skies.
 Walk in the path of duty,
 Be loyal to your King,
 When in doubt or trouble
 Just tell it all to Him.
 I wish you many glad returns
 Of this eventful day ;
 May the Lord you love and serve
 Guide your steps alway.

DIVINE GRACE.

Man has broken the law Divine,
 Therefore he must die ;
 He cannot make atonement
 However he may try.

By an act of disobedience
 He yielded to temptation ;
 Fell in the trap by satan set
 To bring him desolation.

He lost his Eden by that act,
 And ruined all our race ;
 But God in mercy infinite
 Promised saving grace.

Wayside Songs.

He might have let us face alone
The sad results of sin ;
But such a course of action
Is not at all like Him.

Though justice must be satisfied,
Mercy devised a plan
That in its consummation
Should rescue fallen man.

The woman was the first to yield
To satan's wicked wiles ;
But God in mercy gave to her
The sinless Holy Child.

Through her winning gentleness
The serpent tempted man ;
And through her was developed
The blessed Gospel plan.

Though Adam fell when tempted,
The second Adam came
And gave full satisfaction,
Through His precious name.

Through Him there is forgiveness
For all who will repent ;
It was for this great purpose
The Son of God was sent.

He bruised the serpent's head,
 The veil was rent in twain ;
 To purchase our salvation
 The Lamb of God was slain.

He took one trophy with Him
 To the Paradise above ;
 The token of His victory—
 The subject of His love.

As the thief was reconciled,
 There's surely hope for all
 Who in sincere repentance,
 Upon our Father call.

WHY NOT ?

Why should we go so far aside
 Seeking to be satisfied ?
 Why feed on husks instead of bread
 As on our daily path we tread ?

Why should the glitter and the glare
 Of earthly toys our hearts ensnare ?
 When we may feast on things Divine
 And in our Master's likeness shine.

Why should we so contented be
 In what we touch, and taste, and see ?
 There is something grander, higher,
 To which we should at least aspire.

Why should not these comforts given
Bring us nearer God and heaven ?
Steps on which to mount and climb
To what we know is more sublime.

Why do we rest in progress made ?
And walk contented in the shade ?
Feeding on trifles light as air
That appear so good and fair.

Why do we seek or hope for rest
In what can never make us blest ?
Only in Christ can rest be found—
In Him alone true joys abound.

Why not seek this gracious Friend,
Who can to us such comfort send ?
Why not our allegiance prove
By a life of faith and love ?

Why not ? how can we answer this ?
We dare not risk our hope of bliss ;
The sweet sense of sin forgiven,
Hope of final rest in heaven.

Let me press the question home,
Why not to your Saviour come ?
You can't afford to live in sin :
Come and find a Friend in Him.

PATIENCE.

The gentle grace of patience
We do not all possess ;
Or in the exercise of it
We often are remiss.
When circumstances try us,
And even right seems wrong,
If patience were more exercised
'Twould help us to be strong.

Even the daily cares of life
That are themselves so small,
If impatience rules the spirit
We cannot bear at all.
What need for us to cultivate
The spirit that can wait
In quietness and patience,
'Tho' all things seem distrait !

There are times in every life
When there is special need
That the lovely grace of patience
Be exercised indeed.
When grief and pain befall us,
And faith and hope are dim,
If quietly we wait and trust
We shall by patience win.

When storms of sorrow startle us,
That we cannot comprehend,
If we bear with quiet patience
And own our Father's hand,
He will give us faith to trust Him,
Tho' all seems dark and drear ;
His wonder-working Providence
Shall make our pathway clear.

IT IS FINISHED.

"It is finished !" once for all
He bowed His head and died ;
While around the rabble mocked,
The soldiers pierced His side.
Well may our tears in torrents flow
As we dwell on love like this ;
Love that suffered unto death
To win for us release.

Come, sinners, listen ! as we tell
The cost of your redemption ;
The Lord came down to rescue you—
To die for your salvation.
In sorrow, pain and weariness
He travelled to and fro ;
Veiled in the flesh His Majesty
That you may pardon know.

What can we say to touch your hearts,
 If this will not avail
 To make you bow at Jesus' feet
 In penitence and prayer?
 Come, poor sinners, come to Him!
 Yield to your Saviour's claim;
 Seek pardon, peace and safety
 In His blessed name.

"It is finished," wondrous grace!
 The door is opened wide;
 See! the thief has entered in,
 To dwell in Paradise.
 Come, beloved, your Maker calls—
 The Spirit bids you come!
 Accept this great salvation,
 Now your Saviour own.

SATISFACTION.

We are seeking satisfaction
 No matter where we go;
 We do not always bear in mind
 It is not found below.

We seek it in society,
 In interchange of thought;
 Sometimes we feel a sense of it
 With quiet pleasure fraught.

It does not linger with us,
 'Tis like a fleeting breath
That may at any moment
 Pass away in death.

We seek it in the morning,
 We search for it at noon,
But seldom find in anything
 This ever blessed boon.

There is a yearning for it
 In every human breast ;
A strong desire to find it
 And be at perfect rest.

The trouble is we look for it
 In everything around,
Forgetting that in earthly good
 It never can be found.

Apart from something higher
 The soul cannot be fed ;
"Immortal as its Sire,"
 It must have living Bread.

Satisfaction ! what a rest
 The word itself implies !
To know it by experience
 Our faith and hope must rise
To Christ, our gracious Saviour,
 In Him we must believe ;
There is full satisfaction
 For all whom He receives.

As we induce some others
 To seek this blessed rest,
 The Master will be satisfied
 And make us truly blest.

And when in His own likeness
 We rise in perfect joy.
 We shall be fully satisfied
 Where bliss has no alloy.

“SURE AND STEADFAST.”

As hope of future happiness
 The pensive mind allures,
 We long for something tangible—
 Of which we may be sure.
 Imagination soars away
 Beyond the power of thought;
 We wonder how, or when, or where
 This treasure may be sought.

Can it be found in solitude,
 Far from the haunts of men?
 In some sequestered, quiet spot
 Can we this blessing gain?
 Or is it in sweet melody—
 In harmony of sound?
 In intellectual pursuits
 Can hope like this be found?

Tell us, ye ministers of grace,
Ye men of learned lore ;
Or must we ask the question
Upon some other shore ?
Is there no light to guide us
In such a search as this ?
The certainty of happiness—
The hope of future bliss.

Hope, “ both sure and steadfast,
As an anchor of the soul,”
That comes to Christ for refuge
And is by Him made whole.
Beyond the veil it entereth—
A veil so frail and thin,
It may at any moment rend
That we may pass within.

We who have found that Jesus
Is our glorious Light,
Are waiting till He calls us
To His immediate sight.
As He is our forerunner
Our Saviour and our King,
We'll follow where He leads us
As we His praises sing.
“ Sure and steadfast,” blessed hope !
So full of consolation,
Of comfort for the sorrowful,
And perfect restoration.

"ALL NIGHT IN PRAYER."

If the glorious Son of God
Had need to pray all night,
How great the need for us to pray
That we may walk aright.

In communion with the Father
He felt His strength revive,
And in that power He overcame
When by the tempter tried.

Putting forth His healing power,
The unclean spirits fled ;
And when He spoke in majesty
His voice awoke the dead.

Praying for His beloved ones
On that most solemn night,
That they might walk beside Him
And dwell within His sight.

Not for those alone He prayed
Who heard His gentle voice,
But for all who trust His Word
And in His love rejoice.

Love Divine ! no mortal love
Can be compared to Thine ;
By its purity and power
May our actions shine.

Lord, plead for us in Heaven,
Before our Father's throne,
And bring us all in safety
To dwell with Thee at home.

“NONE BUT CHRIST.”

No matter what may come or go,
Only Jesus would I know ;
Living for His righteous cause,
Governed by His holy laws.

None but Jesus, come what may
I would own His loving sway ;
Tell how much He loves to save
All who for His mercy crave.

None but Christ in grief or joy ;
I would all my days employ
Telling of redeeming grace,
At each proper time and place.

None but Christ in hours of pain,
Other comforters are vain ;
He alone can courage give,
Helping us to bear and live.

None but Christ when death invades,
Casting on our hearts a shade ;
Taking dear ones from the home—
Leaving us so sad and lone.

None but Jesus would we know
 When 'tis time for us to go ;
 He will stem the rushing tide
 And land us on the other side.

Jesus ! Thou art our delight,
 Help us always to do right,
 Till we reach the happy shore
 And never sin or suffer more.

REFUGE.

In seasons of pain and sorrow,
 Temptation, grief or care,
 What comfort to know of refuge
 To which we may repair !
 When adversity befalls us
 And suffering is severe,
 God will not forsake His own ;
 He our prayer will hear.

If we come in perfect confidence
 And tell Him all our sorrow,
 We shall obtain effectual help
 In every time of trouble ;
 " Our Refuge " in the trying hour
 We may hide and feel secure,
 If we only trust implicitly
 And keep our record pure.

Wayside Songs.

He shall hide us with His feathers
As under His wings we rest ;
His word our shield and comfort
If we in the promise trust.
Abiding beneath His shadow
As we cast our cares on Him,
He will protect us evermore
And pardon all our sin.

No fear of the terror by night,
Or arrow that flieth by day,
The Lord is our strenght, our refuge,
So we chase our fears away ;
He will protect and safely guard
All who confide in Him,
Until through mercy infinite
At last they enter in.

BE CHEERFUL.

A cheerful look and pleasant tone
It would be well for all to own ;
To cultivate a cheerful state
Would often cheer an adverse fate.

Tho' there is much to cause us grief
There's also much to give relief ;
Perfect trust with faith and prayer
Will often chase away our care.

When trouble comes, as come it may
At any time, by night or day,
Unwavering trust in One above
Will fill the heart with perfect love.

A clouded brow and gloomy look
Are like a dull and prosy book ;
A book we gladly hide away
To be perused another day.

A cheerful word and tender smile
Can banish grief and care awhile ;
Sympathy, when thus express'd
Cheers the soul by woe oppress'd.

Since cheerfulness is such a boon
Let us strive its power to own ;
Try to comfort the sick and sad—
To make the weary spirit glad

Then let us sing and not repine
But try to be cheerful all the time ;
Doing good as we journey along
With gentle voice and joyful song.

HOPE.

When clouds and darkness hover round
Our pathway every day,
What need for us to cherish hope !
What need for us to pray !
To cast our burden on the Lord,
To implore one cheering ray—
One little ray of dawning hope
To brighten the dreary way.

And He will hear our feeble cry,
Strength for the day impart ;
Hope that maketh not ashamed
Shall cheer each sinking heart.
Hope in God, thou shalt praise Him
For every storm of grief ;
And when thy soul is purified
He will afford relief.

“ Hope thou in God ” when friendship falls ;
When foes with fury try
To wound with tongue of slander
And let their arrows fly.
If you but keep your armor on
The blows will harmless fall ;
Your trust in the unchanging God
Shall overthrow them all.

“ Hope thou in God ” when sickness comes,
 When flesh and heart both fail ;
 Trust the rich promises of grace
 That never yet have failed ;
 Fear not, the clouds are breaking, .
 There's comfort yet in store,
 With perfect happiness at last
 Upon the eternal shore.

THE ROYAL CROWN.

All royal crowns are radiant
 With many precious stones—
 With diamonds and rubies
 Most costly ever known ;
 But this splendor pales beside
 The crown of righteousness—
 It will not bear comparison
 With such a crown as this.

The crown of thorns, that cruel crown,
 With which they mocked our Lord—
 The Creator of the universe,
 Whom angels had adored ;
 We bow in solemn sacred awe,
 With reverent grateful joy—
 This crown was worn to give us hope,
 Of bliss without alloy.

The crown of sorrow we must wear,
The crown of suffering too ;
These the Master bore for us—
He will our strength renew ;
Following where Himself hath led
We need not doubt or fear,
If we but serve Him faithfully
And keep the conscience clear.

We would serve Him what'er befell
Who bore so much for us—
Suffering such a cruel death
To save us from the curse ;
Speaking to our friends and others
Of the glorious " old, old story,"
Working till He calls us home
To wear the crown of glory.

AN ACROSTIC.

For Thy many mercies, Lord !
And for Thy most holy Word,
I will render constant praise ;
Telling in Thy love and grace
How we can Thy goodness trace.

WIDOWHOOD.

We sympathize with widowhood ;
 But few can realize
 How sad and lonely is the lot
 Of those who thus are tried :
 To miss the voice that was so dear,
 The touch that was so kind—
 The sympathy so sweet and near,
 So soothing to the mind.

To sit and muse in solitude,
 Of happy seasons past ;
 To feel it is so sad and strange
 They did not always last.
 Recalling in our dreariness
 Each tender look and tone
 Of one who loved us always,
 Who now, alas ! is gone.

In other forms of suffering
 We can obtain relief
 In the kind sympathy of those
 Who share with us our grief ;
 But in the widow's loneliness
 There is no friend but God,
 Who can support and comfort her
 Along life's dreary road.

“Thy Maker is thine husband,”
Words of inspiration
Given to cheer the stricken one
In her desolation ;
And as she slowly comprehends
This sweet message given,
Comfort descends into her soul
Like the dew from heaven.

“Let thy widows trust in Me,”
Sweet privilege of hope,
For those who trust alone in God
Cannot be desolate ;
Soon we'll meet the dear ones gone,
Where faith is lost in sight,
For sorrow cannot penetrate
That land of pure delight.

MOTHER.

No word in the English language
Is sweeter than that of mother,
A halo rests around that name
Not given to any other.
We learn the tenderness of love
From our mother's gentle smile ;
Before we understand at all
Love doth our thoughts beguile.

Wayside Songs.

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A babe will watch its mother's eye
 Sooner than any other ;
If she appears preoccupied
 How the lips will quiver !
Mothers, exert your influence,
 This wonderful mother-love ;
Training your dear little ones
 That they may useful prove.

A mother cannot give up hope
 Though others may despair ;
The wanderer will return at last
 For God will hear her prayer.
Though he may to manhood grow,
 Or lovely womanhood,
They are as much her boy and girl
 As when at home they stood.

In trouble, sorrow, or sickness,
 Mother is never tired ;
She will patiently hope and pray
 When others have retired.
Poor Mother ! in the evening-time
 She may have much to bear ;
Then those she nursed so fondly
 Must return her kind care.

AFAR OFF.

How many there are like Peter
Who linger on the road !
Following Christ a long way off,
Their love grows very cold.
How can we face temptation
When far away from Him !
We must realize His presence
If we would conquer sin.

The enemy knows our weakness,
And with malignant spite
Assails us with his stratagems
To lure us from the right.
Very often we have stumbled,
Thinking ourselves so safe ;
We were following afar off,
We realized too late.

Like Peter we have sought relief
In bitter sobs and tears,
When Jesus looked ' upon us
And thus awoke our fears.
Like him, too, we were forgiven,
Like him may we prove
By fully consecrated life
Our gratitude and love.

HIS OWN SHEEP.

“ He putteth forth His own sheep,”
 And as they hear His voice,
 They follow where He leads them
 And in His care rejoice.

He goes before—they know Him
 And trust His wisdom too,
 As they struggle thro’ deep water
 And dangers not a few.

They hear His gentle footsteps
 As they follow in the rear ;
 And own His loving guidance
 Without a doubt or fear.

The wolf of sin pursues them,
 But the Shepherd is so near
 That they can face him boldly
 And keep the conscience clear.

To save them from destruction
 He freely gave His life,
 And He will not forsake them
 Mid all the toil and strife.

O happy fold ! protected by
 Such tender love and care ;
 No danger need alarm thee—
 No sin thy steps ensnare

He goes before—He leadeth,
The pathway must be right ;
We need not doubt or falter
He has perfect sight.

In suffering or in sorrow
He will our burden bear ;
We may trust Him fully
Till we His glory share.

In trouble or temptation
We may by grace o'ercome,
Until we cross the Jordan
To live with Him at home.

“ WHY WILL YE DIE ? ”

“ Why will ye die ? ” since Jesus died
Your sinful soul to save ;
To rescue you from sin and woe
Himself to death He gave.

“ Why will ye die ? ” why cling to sin
And tread the downward way ?
Seek for help from Christ the King—
He will not say you, nay.

“ Why will ye die ? ” why still resist
Such tenderness and grace ?
Seek the Lord, yield all to Him,
Before it is too late.

"Why will ye die?" What can I say
To break your heart of stone—
To bring you to the Master's feet,
Your sinfulness to own?

"Why will ye die?" He died for you,
He waits to take you in—
To make you happy in His love—
To pardon all your sin.

"I BESEECH YOU."

Words to us in mercy spoken,
Are of love a tender token;
We dare not such a plea resist—
In rebellion still persist.

There is forgiveness still for thee,
Only give thyself to Me;
All you have to Me present
And of every sin repent.

Thus our gracious Father pleads,
Anxious to supply our need;
Willing to forgive our sin
And to make us pure within.

Come, and make no reservation ;
Trifle not with your salvation ;
God will not the gift reject—
He is waiting to accept.

He has spared your wasted youth :
Come to Him, accept the Truth ;
To resist no longer strive—
Make a willing sacrifice.

Your reasonable service give
That you may for Jesus live ;
He gave all He had for you,
Come and to His claim be true.

Count well the cost before you come ;
Mind, He claims you as His own—
Shed for you His precious blood—
Died to win you back to God.

What more could be done than this,
To secure your future bliss !
Jesus on the cross was slain,
Your salvation to obtain.

Now, He longs to save your soul :
Come, He waits to make you whole ;
Once for all the struggle cease :
He will give you perfect peace.

Come lest He in anger swear
That He will no more forbear ;
Trifle not with proffered grace
Lest He turns away His face.

“ I beseech you,” what a plea
From the Load of life to thee !
Poor repentant sinner come :
Take the pardon Jesus won.

THOUGHT AND NATURE.

Who can gauge the power of thought ?
If we use it as we ought
 It will improve the mind ;
At early morn and lovely eve
Nature will fresh subjects give
 Of every form and kind.

How sweet to watch the dawn of day
As the darkness rolls away
 Before the rising sun !
To pierce beyond the brilliant scene
To lands unknown, to things unseen,
 Ere day has well begun.

How we enjoy the mid-day hour,
As in some secluded bower
 We sit and think alone !

To know the passing moments won,
By steady toiling until noon
Are verily our own.

And as we dwell in pensive mood
On all that's noble, true and good,
Our hearts with homage glow
To Him who tints the forest glade,
And beautifies the light and shade,
Of all things here below.

The evening soon draws on apace,
And in its beauty we can trace
Something nobler, higher!
Rest beyond the glorious sun,
Strife all ended, work all done—
To this we all aspire.

Nature is a charming book,
If we for her secrets look
She will prove a friend,
Leading by a train of thought,
With the truest pleasure fraught,
To the heavenly land.

As the sailor homeward bound
Now and then can hear a sound
From the far distant shore;
So the sad-soughing of the trees,
In the gentle summer breeze,
Tells us of something more.

As the scattered blades of grass,
 Hardly noticed as we pass,
 Soon will adorn the sod,
 So the power of thought should rise,
 Far beyond the starlit skies,
 To lose itself in God.

As lovely twilight fades away
 Lost in the departing rays
 Of the retiring sun ;
 So the scenes of earth appear
 As the swiftly passing years
 Carry us nearer home.

Soon the night of death will come :
 We must pass beyond this zone
 To learn what that implies ;
 If in Christ we have found rest,
 He will make us truly blest,
 And wipe our weeping eyes.

We bid farewell to needless fear :
 We would not always tarry here,
 So far away from home ;
 Jesus took the sting of death,
 And when we resign our breath
 He will bid us, Come !

If we serve Him here below
 We may all the sweetness know
 Of his redeeming grace ;

He who sits upon the throne
Never will forsake his own,
 Whatever may take place.

Why then should we fear the close
Since our blessed Master knows
 How little we can bear ?
We would rather trust His love
Till we reach our home above,
 And in its glory share.

Though at times in darkness here,
When we reach that happy sphere
 We'll know as we are known ;
In the light of Christ the Lamb
We shall see the great I am,
 Who claims us for His own.

No more sorrow, no more tears,
No more pain, no doubts or fears,
 But joy beyond compare ;
In the presence of our Lord
We shall reap a rich reward,
 And dwell forever there.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

What will you do with the Master ?
 You cannot His claim set aside !
 He is the Messiah—accept Him,
 Forsaking your folly and pride

What will you do with the Master,
 Who pleads for a place in your heart ?
 Will you refuse Him admission,
 O venture to bid Him depart ?

Though He is mercy embodied
 To all who yield to His claim ;
 For those who live in rebellion
 He will not His pity retain.

“ What will you do then with Jesus ”
 Who died for your sin on the tree ?
 Bearing such terrible anguish
 That you may forever go free.

Don't turn away from this question,
 Or He in just anger may swear
 That in the rest that remaineth
 You cannot in anywise share.

Tho' now, He waits to be gracious
 And gives of the Spirit to all,
 He will not strive with you always :
 I pray you respond to His call.

Defer not till grief or sickness
Appeal in sad tone to your soul ;
Come to Him who redeemed you—
He maketh the desolate whole.

Think, how greatly He suffered—
How much He calmly endured—
That peace and perfect salvation
Might be for sinners secured.

Think of the joys that await you,
If you to His service prove true ;
Think of the friends who will greet you
And share in your happiness too.

As you pass onward and upward
He will from all danger defend ;
Even though others forsake you
He will prove true to the end.

Will you not answer this question ?
For I cannot plead anymore
But I hope at last to meet
And sing with the

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

What will we do with the Master ?
We gladly acknowledge Him King !
Trying with steady persistence
The homage of others to bring.

What will we do then with Jesus,
 Who died our salvation to gain?
 We yield Him our loyal service
 And gratefully own His claim.

What will we do with our Master?
 We will His authority own,
 Trying by earnest endeavor
 His wonderful love to make known.

When bowed down by affliction,
 We will try to honor Him
 Who bore so much for sinful man,
 Although He had no sin.

Called to bear reproach or shame,
 We will bear it like our Lord,
 Who bore the sneering of a crowd,
 Not giving sign or word.

To prove our love sincere and true
 We will yield to Him the best,
 Bearing with patient obedience
 Should He our loyalty test.

Thus do we answer the question
 So solemnly sad and sweet;
 Thankful for your solicitude
 Until in heaven we meet.

BE STILL.

Be still, sad heart repine not
Though friends you love may fail,
And satan tries his utmost
Your courage to assail.

Be still, the storm is breaking
So let your struggles cease ;
The tempest owns its Master—
Just rest in perfect peace.

Be still and trust the Pilot,
He your barque will steer ;
His word is quite sufficient
To banish all your fear.

The storm can never, never rise
Beyond His power to quell ;
For all things are subservient
To His Almighty will.

The clouds are slowly passing by,
The sun is shining too ;
He never will forsake his own
If they to Him prove true.

He sees the dreadful breakers,
He knows the danger near,
Yet He tells us frequently
There is no cause for fear.

"Fear not," thou art mine, my child ;
 I am thy God and guide ;
 I am thy shield and refuge
 Whatever may betide.

My heart was sad when I began
 These simple lines to write ;
 Now, the voice Omnipotent
 Has put my fears to flight.

The storm, the cloud, and sunbeam
 His grand designs fulfill ;
 There may be cause for sadness—
 But, we'll trust Him and be still.

"JESUS ONLY."

We cannot do without Thee,
 We would not if we might ;
 Thou art the spirit's sunshine—
 The soul's supreme delight.

We would not do without Thee
 When all is bright and clear ;
 We cannot feel contented
 Unless our God is near.

We cannot do without Thee ;
 When by grief oppressed
 There is no hope or comfort
 Until in Thee we rest.

Wayside Songs.

We cannot do without Thee
When tears bedim our eyes ;
Only in Thy tender love
The sting of sorrow dies.

We cannot do without Thee
When friends our cause forsake ;
We dare not do without Thee
When there is much at stake.

Only in Thee can we obtain
Power to conquer sin ;
Only in Thee can we become
Sinless and pure within.

Only in Thee can we o'erecome,
Or put our foes to flight ;
Only in Thee can we be true
And loyal to the right.

Jesus, ever blessed Lord !
Only in Thee we rest ;
Laying our burdens at Thy feet :
Ourselves upon Thy breast.

“ REDEEMED.”

Redeemed to speak His praises
Who died our souls to save ;
When on the cross of Calvary
His life for us He gave.

Redeemed to sing His praises
Who suffered here below ;
That each repenting sinner
May full forgiveness know.

Redeemed to shout His praises
When we see the sinner fall
In true repentance at His feet—
Upon His name to call.

Redeemed to show our sorrow
By sympathy in grief ;
Like our beloved Master
To weep with them that weep.

Redeemed to tell His power
To save us from all sin ;
To crown our lives with blessing
And make us pure within.

Redeemed to show to others,
By a consecrated life,
The power of grace sufficient
To uphold us in the strife.

Redeemed to tell the story
Of His Redeeming love ;
Till with unnumbered millions
We sing His praise above.

THE GIFT OF GOD.

Glorious brilliant sunlight,
Varied fruits and flowers—
Scenes of marvellous beauty
To brighten the Summer hours.

The sunset in the gloaming
Radiant with colors bright,
Brings on so mysteriously
The waning of the light.

The birds in harmony unite
Their maker's praise to sing,
While all creation demonstrates
The goodness of our King.

Mid scenes like these we wonder
That He has given the so much :
Trying by such kindness
Our sinful hearts to touch.

And when to these are added
The greatest gift of all—
He who brought redemption
For all who on Him call.

“ The Gift of God,” eternal life
Through Jesus Christ our Lord—
To all who will surrender
And take Him at His word.

We cannot win or purchase this :
It is a gracious gift ;
The price was paid on Calvary,
The fallen world to lift.

Even to those far gone in sin
This precious gift is sent ;
The only stipulation is
That they must all repent.

Surely the knowledge of such love
Should break the heart of stone,
And make us yield our lives to Him
Who for them gave His own.

DELIVERANCE.

“ I will deliver them,” saith the Lord
To all who trust His gracious word ;
Doing His will they shall surely know
Which is the best way for them to go.

Circumstances may be very obscure,
Seeming too hard for us to endure ;
Still we must patiently persevere—
Probably time will make them clear.

We may have foes that are proud and strong,
Who triumph awhile, but not for long ;
The wrong shall surely vanish away
As darkness recedes at dawn of day.

The conscience clear, we may leave the rest
To Him who always permits the best ;
He only can make the crooked straight
And quiet the utterance of cruel hate.

This He will do for all who are true—
Who trust on Him their strength to renew ;
The heart sincere, the life without blot,
Character too, will prove without spot.

We would be like our blessed Master,
Therefore, we may expect disaster ;
If they say we work through Beelzebub
We must be content to bear the rub.

Content ! we should rejoice and sing
If counted worthy to follow our King ;
If with Him we suffer while here,
We certainly shall His glory share.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

To run the race set before us
Requires vigilant care,
Lest we stumble on the pathway
Or yield to satan's snare.

The open gate is very straight :
There is no room for sin ;
We must leave it all behind us
If we would enter in.

The road is extremely narrow,
We must lay all aside
If we would run successfully,
And hope to gain the prize.

Looking toward the recompense,
Awaiting those who win,
Who in the strength of grace Divine
Have conquered mortal sin.

No need for regret, looking back
To tarry on the road ;
'Tis only by pressing onward
We reach the mount of God.

Still " looking for that blessed hope,"
The coming of our Lord ;
Just seeking to be guided by
The precepts of His Word.

Then, when the race is finished,
And we are on the wing,
May we hear the commendation
Of our immortal King.

GOD IN CHRIST.

Jesus, Saviour, Son of God !
 Hope of our fallen race,
We bow in meekness at thy feet :
 Reveal to us Thy face.
Some dare say, Thou art not Divine,
 But we know it is not true ;
For all who come in faith to Thee
 Thou dost pardon and renew.

How dare they thus belie Thy name
 And trail it in the dust ?
Thou who did'st die to ransom all
 Who in Thee fully trust.
Art Thou not the true Messiah ?
 There surely is no doubt ;
For all Thy pardoned children
 Delight Thy praise to shout.

We own we cannot understand
 The wonderful relation ;
How the Father, Son and Spirit
 Work for man's salvation.
Nor can we comprehend at all
 How God works in nature ;
How He develops all His plans
 And cares for every creature.

Our God in Christ to save the world
 Laboring for man's good ;
 No power of thought can grasp it—
 It can't be understood.
 Only those by grace renewed
 Can comprehend in part
 How He reveals His saving plan
 And satisfies the heart.

“ I and My Father are one,”
 We must believe His Word !
 Such testimony who can doubt ?
 He is both God and Lord.
 He must be more than mortal man
 To save the sinsick soul,
 Who bade disease and demons fly
 And made the wounded whole.

“ Emmanuel,” our God with us :
 The great Eternal God
 Veils His Majesty in flesh
 According to His word.
 In triumph soon the saints shall rise
 With Him in glory bright ;
 Darkness shall be chased away
 By everlasting light.

"ONE THING."

What can it be ? this lovely thing
Of which we often talk and sing ;
That while giving grace to beauty
Shows the path of daily duty.

Is it the cheerful, charming tone
That some cultured people own ;
The winning smile or gentle air
That makes some faces look so fair ?

Is it power to sympathize,
To wipe the tears from tired eyes ;
Power to charm oppressive care
And in the grief of others share ?

Is it love ? that wondrous power
That comforts in the saddest hour ;
Driving sorrow and care away—
Turning the darkness into day.

Yes, it is love to God and man :
Love that accepts the Gospel plan ;
Following Christ in weal or woe
No matter where He bids us go.

Bearing for Him reproach or shame,
Because we love His blessed name ;
Suffering, waiting, lying still,
Bearing or doing His sweet will.

Soothing the sick, helping the poor,
Sharing with them our poverty here ;
Doing it just from love of Him
Who gave Himself to cancel sin.

Praying for those who never pray ;
Persisting in their careless way—
Regardless of the tender love
That beams upon them from above.

This is in very truth and deed
The "One Thing" we as sinners need :
Grace to practice self-denial,
Working for Christ with steady toil.

To be with Him in purpose one—
To know by faith we are His own ;
Trying by life, and pen, and brain,
His great salvation to proclaim.

AMBITION.

Ambition, when well directed
Sometimes ensures success ;
Gaining by steady persistence
What we long to possess.

Tho' ruin has often been wrought
By it when unrestrained,
It is a splendid possession
To cultivate and retain.

Wayside Songs.

If controlled by common sense
It may win a bright career ;
Securing true prosperity—
Making our pathway clear.

There must be honest endeavor,
Action must bear the light ;
That success may be assured
Allegiance to what is right.

Regarding the welfare of all,
Doing what good we can,
Trying to follow the Master
And help our fellow-man.

If this we do He will aid us
In all we undertake ;
And give as much prosperity
As we can safely make.

If we try with true ambition,
Upheld by grace divine,
The blessing of the Lord above
Will on our efforts shine.

THE CHILD'S APPEAL.

Father, please will you come home ?
Mother is crying all alone ;
She is not well to-night I fear—
Father ! dear father, do you here ?

So said the drunkard's little child
In accents very meek and mild ;
He turned on her a cruel stare,
Bidding her go, he did not care.

Poor little girl ! she was afraid,
Tho' she tried to seem quite brave,
Saying again in tender tone :
Father, please will you come home ?

He scowled then, the drunken sot !
And his manhood he forgot ;
Aiming at her a cruel blow—
He told her once again to go.

She staggered slowly to the street :
In scanty clothing and shoeless feet ;
While he, regardless of her woe,
Was glad at last to see her go.

Is there help for this awful thing ?
This drink that leaves a cruel sting !
Placing reason beyond control—
Hurting the health, killing the soul.

There is help if all will unite :
Punish the wrong, protect the right ;
Listen ! take your true position—
Help the remedy—Prohibition.

CHRISTMAS.

We celebrate again to-day
The advent of our King,
Exalting in His right to reign
As we His praises sing.
Obedient to the Father's will
He left His royal throne,
On wings of love and tenderness,
His mercy to make known.

Though cradled in a manger
How graetfully we trace
The halo of Divinity
Around His infant face !
He came to bring redemption
To our benighted race—
To give emancipation
In saving us by grace.

Love supreme ! unparalleled !
Jesus to mortals given,
Making in each grateful heart
An antepast of heaven.
Christmas Day ! happy day !
Day of days the best ;
That gave to poor humanity
Hope of future rest.

No wonder that we evidence
 By songs of joy and mirth,
 Such glad appreciation
 Of our Redeemer's birth.
 Jesus! blessed King and Lord!
 We will Thy praises sing,
 Until in tones triumphant
 We make the heavens ring.

AN ACROSTIC.

Have full confidence in God:
 Always rely upon His word;
 Verily, verily, He is true,
 Ever kind and loving too.

Favor He delights to show
 And forgiveness to bestow;
 Into rest our souls to bring
 That we may His praises sing.
 Hope in Him tho' foes assail.

In His Name you cannot fail.
 No more over-anxious care,

Go to Him and leave it there.
 Only watch, rejoice and pray,
 Doing His will every day.

COMMON MERCIES.

For daily mercy, Lord, we praise
Thy goodness and thy grace,
As in our own experience
Thy tender care we trace.

We thank Thee for the sunrise,
After the gloomy night,
That tints each lovely landscape
And makes all nature bright.

As the darkness disappears
Before those lovely rays,
Hearts o'erflow with gratitude
In songs of joyful praise.

Praise for the mercies given
By Thy gracious hand—
For the wondrous Providence
We cannot understand.

Praise Thee for food provided
For every living thing,
Which, in profuse abundance,
Thou givest like a King.

Praise for fruits so varied
Capricious taste to meet—
For flowers with their fragrance
So delicate and sweet.

Wayside Songs.

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Praise for the kindly greetings
Of friends and neighbors near,
That smooth the path of duty
And fill the life with cheer.

Praise for sympathy we meet
In times of direst need ;
Special praise that we find
In Thee a Friend indeed.

Praise for the glowing sunset
When daily work is done ;
For glad anticipations
Above the setting sun.

For all these common mercies
We thank Thee every day,
As trusting in Thy goodness
We journey on our way.

Thy gifts are precious, Lord !
But Thy presence given
Makes in every loyal heart
An antepast of Heaven.

HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE.

With gentle quiet dignity,
Her footstep firm and slow,
Crowned the Queen of England
Just fifty years ago.

She wore the crown so nobly,
With gentleness and grace
And the light of purity
Shone on her lovely face.

When her chosen Consort came
To claim her royal hand,
A benediction from above
Did all her steps attend.

As maiden, wife and mother,
We love our noble Queen,
She was in each position
The brightest pattern seen.

But earthly joys are fleeting,
And her's alas ! were brief ;
Soon in lonely widowhood
The Nation shared her grief.

Tho' the heart bled, she bowed
To the chastening rod ;
As a Christian widow
She bore the will of God.

God bless our widowed Queen !
 And lengthen out her days ;
 Crown her life with blessedness
 And fill her heart with praise.

When she lays the sceptre down
 That has won such renown,
 May she enter Paradise
 To wear the victor's crown.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

As the sunshine fills the air,
 Giving radiance everywhere,
 Revealing beauty to the sight,
 Turning darkness into light :
 So may Thy grace divine impart
 Constant sunshine to my heart.

As the moon gives light to all
 When the evening shadows fall—
 As the stars in beauty glow ;
 Giving light to all below :
 So may I in sorrow's hour
 Sing of Thy sustaining power.

Clouds at times may intervene,
 Casting shadows on the scene ;

Flowers bloom in lovely form,
Nature smiles to meet the storm :
So may I by grace divine
In the Master's likeness shine.

As the trees in wind and storm
Look so barren and forlorn—
In the Spring their life disclose,
Putting on their Summer clothes :
So may I with faith sublime
Live rejoicing all the time.

As the bud in beauty grows
Till it bursts into a rose—
As the tree a shrub appears
Growing with the flight of years :
So may I in goodness grow
While I linger here below.

Living daily in the light
Tho' the way be dark as night—
Trusting where I cannot see,
Leaving all results with Thee ;
Fearing nothing while I sing
Nothing in the world but sin.

As the darkness disappears
When the dawn of day is near
When I draw the fainting breath
That precedes the hour of death,
May I with triumphant flight
Pass from darkness into light.

THE NEW YEAR.

Another year is dawning,
With all its hopes and fears ;
Its splendid opportunities,
Its joy and grief, and tears.

Such varied possibilities
May follow in its train ;
Much of quiet happiness—
Much of grief or pain.

We know not what an influence
May crown our daily toil ;
Or what malignity may do
Our best attempts to foil.

We know not what deep sorrow,
The year to us may bring ;
Or what refrain of blessing
May in its footsteps ring.

With such probabilities,
How much we need a friend
Who in both joy and sorrow
Our pathway will defend.

There's but one Omnipotent
To help in direst need ;
Who can in each emergency
Direct, control and lead.

He never yet forsook one
Who trusted in His care ;
His goodness is eternal—
His mercy everywhere.

Though darkness may encircle
The precincts of His throne,
He knows when to deliver—
How to guard His own.

His name is sweetest music
To mortals ever given ;
It has a tone of triumph
For all in earth or heaven.

Jesus ! help us come what may
To trust Thy love and care,
To serve Thee very truly
Through all the coming year.

BEHOLD HIM !

Behold the grandest spectacle
Heaven or earth could give ;
“ Behold the man,” He died for you—
Died, that you might live.

Behold Him as a little child,
Full of attractive grace :
The halo of Divinity
Around His lovely face.

Behold Him at the workman's bench,
Earning His daily bread :
Often without a resting place
For His poor weary head.

Behold Him as a welcome guest
At Martha's homely board,
While Mary sits at His dear feet
And owns Him as her Lord.

Behold Him when the brother died
Who was to them so dear ;
Dear also to His tender heart—
Witness the falling tear.

Behold Him as He speaks the word
That wakes the sleeping dead ;
Death flees at the Divine command
And Lazarus leaves his bed.

Behold Him as He brought to life
The widow's only son—
The solace of her aching heart,
The comfort of her home.

Behold Him when the wind arose
On the lake of Galilee ;
Quietly He hushed the storm—
Calmed the troubled sea.

Wayside Songs.

Behold Him when the sick and blind
To Him for healing came ;
Though they followed not with Him,
Healed them just the same.

Behold Him on that awful night
When praying all alone ;
While the disciples slept away,
Regardless of His groans.

Behold Him when left all alone
He stood at Pilate's bar :
Forsaken by His followers,
Who lingered full of fear.

Behold Him when in fetters bound,
They sought to shed His blood ;
They were forced at last to own
He was the Son of God.

Behold Him as in death He lay—
For you, for me He died ;
See ! the punctured tender feet—
The wounded bleeding side.

Jesus ! how much we owe to Thee
No tongue or pen can show ;
When we see Thee face to face
We'll know how much we owe.

"AWAKE, YE SAINTS."

"Awake, ye saints," awake and tell
The wonders of Emmanuel;
How God renews the sin-sick soul
And makes the broken-hearted whole.

"Awake, ye saints," awake and sing
The praises of your blessed King;
Who gave Himself to ransom all
Who in His name for mercy call.

"Awake, ye saints," sing joyful lays
To Him who came our souls to save;
Who left a royal throne on high
To bring repenting sinners nigh.

"Awake, ye saints," proclaim the Word:
Win trophies for our common Lord;
Tell by life, and voice, and pen,
He pardons all who come to Him.

"Awake, ye saints," let sinners hear,
Jesus bids them all draw near;
Just waiting to supply their need,
He will their cry for mercy heed.

"Awake, and let your prayers ascend
For sinners to the sinner's Friend;
Plead for those who seldom pray
Until they own the Master's sway.

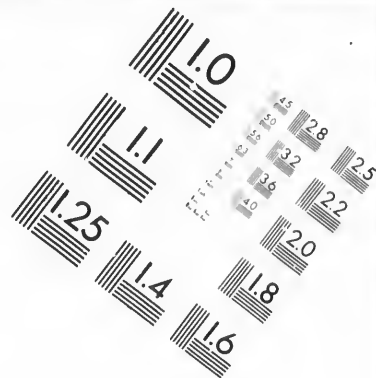
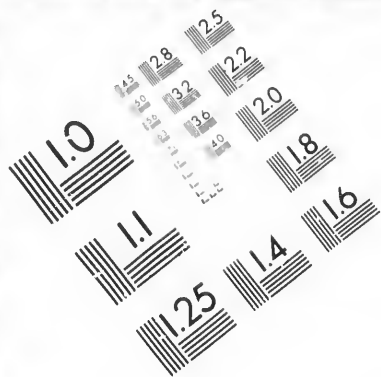
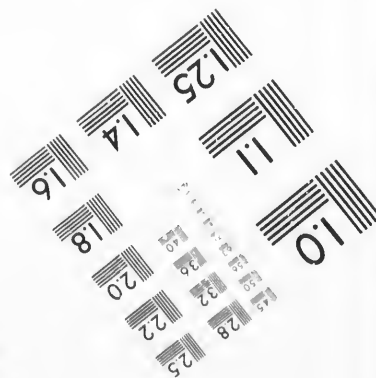
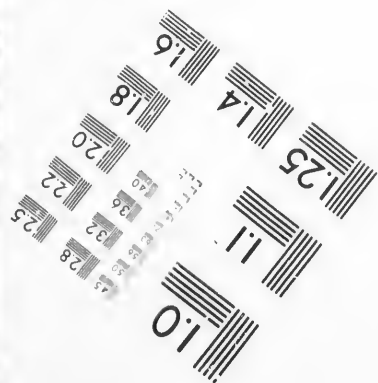
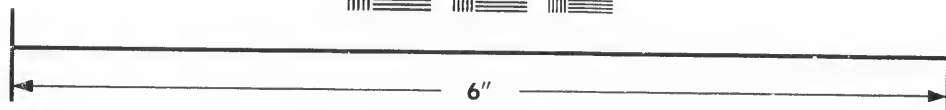
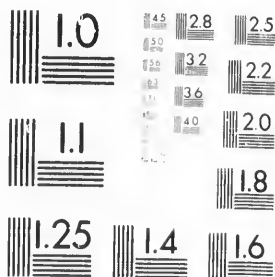


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"Awake, ye saints" and daily prove
Your loyalty to Him you love;
Show all how happy you can be
Since He has set your spirit free.

SAFE AT LAST.

Safe within the jasper walls,
Bright city of the skies,
What a scene of rapture!
What a glad surprise!

How the rapt soul will wonder,
Freed from mortal breath,
That at any time or place
It was afraid of death!

Away from scenes of suffering,
Far from grief or pain,
The happy spirit feels at last
That even death is gain.

Left far behind the weariness,
The long and dreary night;
Away from the gloomy darkness
To dwell in Jesus' sight.

What a glorious, happy lot
For the pardoned soul
That has found rest in Jesus' love
And is made really whole!

Far above the touch of sorrow,
 Beyond the starry skies,
 Mid scenes of joy and loveliness
 The soul in rapture flies.

She wings her way in joy supreme
 Across the happy plain ;
 Shouting songs victorious
 To her Redeemer's name.

ALWAYS NEW.

Old as the everlasting hills,
 As crystal drops of dew,
 Yet to our admiring sight
 Sunshine is always new.

Always new, is the bright dawn
 Of the sweet morning hour ;
 Token of our Maker's love—
 Emblem of His power.

Always new, the sunset glow,
 Lovely with colors bright :
 Saying to each weary soul
 'Tis time for rest, good night.

Always new, the coming Spring
 With its shade and showers ;
 Bringing into beauty rare
 Trees and Summer flowers.

Always new though very old
Is the autumn of the year ;
Showing unmistakably
Our Father's tender care.

Always new the story told
So oft in times of yore,
That each repetition was
Far dearer than before.

Sweet old Story ! ever new,
That Jesus died for all
And waits to give salvation
To all who on Him call.

Always new, the joy supreme
Of Angels, as they sing
The praises of redeeming love—
The praises of our King.

THEY SERVE.

They serve who only stand and wait
Patiently at the palace gate ;
Simply announcing those who come
To bow before an earthly throne.

They serve who in the battle field
Try their country and home to shield ;
Risking life regardless of fear—
Obeying the Captain anywhere.

They serve who in the trenches lie,
Watching the foe with steady eye ;
Only waiting under the hill,
Serve by quietly lying still.

Doing as much general good
As though in the front rank they stood—
Just as much as if engaged
Hand to hand the war to wage.

Courage does not consist in noise,
Or speaking in commanding voice ;
The highest courage is to obey
When told in danger's path to stay.

They serve who on the ocean wide
Never in cowardice turn aside ;
Working away the ship to steer—
Hoping the awful shoals to clear.

They serve who do the will of God
Uttering no rebellious word ;
Casting all their care on Him—
Fearing nothing as much as sin.

They serve who bear His holy will,
Learning to suffer and be still ;
Anticipating that glad day
When sin and pain shall pass away.

They serve who bear reproach and shame
Because they love the Master's name ;
Delighting thus to follow Him,
Who died the sinner's heart to win.

They serve who leave to Him their cause,
While they respect His righteous laws ;
Regarding naught the world may say
As they pursue their onward way.

They serve who speak a word for Him,
Trying the sinner's heart to win ;
Though frequently they may offend,
They need not such a course defend.

They serve who look to God alone
Their vindication to make known ;
Wait the direction of His will—
Listening for the "Peace be still."

They serve who wait the summons, Come !
Hoping to hear the words "Well done ;"
Longing to be with Christ at rest
Within the mansions of the blest.

They serve who bow before the Throne,
Their gratitude and love to own—
Service grander, nobler, higher,
To which I hope we all aspire.

"ALWAYS LIGHT AHEAD."

Why need we walk in darkness
 Although the way is rough?
 Surely light our Master gives
 Will always prove enough;
 And yet my spirit trembles
 With anguish, till I feel
 My heart is almost breaking
 With sorrow that is real.

At times no hope appears for us,
 The path we tread is drear;
 Our prospects do not brighten—
 Our hearts are full of fear.
 Hope defer'd that maketh sick
 Has been our portion long,
 Still we tried to banish grief
 And cheer the way with song.

"All things work together for good
 To those who love the Lord,"
 This we must perforce believe
 If we believe His Word.
 We need not be dismayed,
 To God we leave our case,
 And we shall surely overcome
 Thro' His abounding grace.

"LO I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

Much is implied in these sweet words,
To the loving obedient heart,
Of fellowship, love and protection
Above our expression or thought.

If sorrow at times may seem to hide
The presence so holy, so dear !
The loyal heart may rest assured
The Master is certainly near.

What comfort to know while here below
The rest of this promise so sweet !
With us in all whate'er may befall
No matter what trouble we meet.

Taking part in the work of the world,
The daily employments of life ;
He is with us, the source of our strength
In sorrow, in sickness and strife.

With us each day, and with us always ;
With us without and within ;
Nothing can part the soul from its Lord !
No, nothing on earth but sin.

Marvellous love ! for sinners like us
The Lord of the universe cares ;
Well may we sing in praise of our King,
Forsaking the world and its snares.

“Upward, onward,” our motto shall be,
Till death all ties shall sever :
Then robed in white, in realms of light,
Live in His presence forever.

THANKSGIVING.

The soul that's full of gratitude
Must surely voice her praise,
At every time and season,
In appropriate ways ;
Sorrow may have touched us,
But it is very clear
Blessings that we cannot count
Crowned the passing year.

The world is so full of brightness,
The sunlight is for all,
Though frequently a shadow
May on our pathway fall ;
Sunshine has far exceeded
The shadow on our days,
And even through our sadness
There runs a note of praise.

Our Father is so kind and good,
He makes this world of ours
A scene of perfect brightness,
Radiant with flowers ;

Wayside Songs.

Though we are probationers
For rest above the skies,
There is much to cheer us here
And help us win the prize.

Tho' the morning may be gloomy
And clouds may intervene,
Hiding from us the beauty
Of many a lovely scene,
As the brilliant noonday
May make all nature bright,
In the coming evening hour
It surely "shall be light."

The Master has promised us
Abundance for our need,
So we may trust Him always,
Loyal in thought and deed ;
We may have cause for sorrow,
And grief will have its way,
But we will banish mourning
On our "Thanksgiving Day."

HIS NAME !

Like music in the evening air,
Like the peace that follows prayer,
Like sunrise after dreary night,
Or sunset with its golden light.

Wayside Songs.

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Like rest when daily toil is o'er,
Or joy to hearts both sad and sore;
Like sleep that lulls our pain away,
So soothing with its gentle sway.

Like the beauty of the flowers
We all admire in leisure hours;
Like the peace to sinners given,
Wafted from the gate of heaven.

O Jesus! what on earth can claim
Comparison with Thy dear name?
'Tis sweetest music to the soul,
Making the contrite sinner whole.

Jesus! let the glorious sound
Extend to earth's remotest bound;
Till every man of every race
Knows the power of saving grace.

Jesus! let Thy precious name
Touch the soul by sin enchained;
Break Thou his fetters, set him free
And let him find his all in Thee.

Begin Thy universal reign;
Let Thy holy, precious name
"Reverberate from shore to shore,"
Till sin shall triumph never more.

"REJOICE EVERMORE."

Some rejoice in their possessions,
In the comfort wealth affords :
This is right if they remember
All is given by the Lord.
Some rejoice in rank and station—
In the power that riches give ;
If they use that power wisely
They may to God's glory live.

Some rejoice in the creation,
With its lovely light and shade—
In the beauty of the landscape
That our Father's hand has made.
These scenes we thankfully enjoy,
For them we would render praise,
But if we would live rejoicing
We must have renewing grace.

Ye who would rejoice in earnest
With a true and steady joy,
Give your hearts at once to Jesus—
He gives bliss without alloy.
Then as each scene of loveliness
On your grateful vision falls,
You will remember joyfully
That your Father made them all.

COURAGE.

When subject to vexation
Maintain a temper sweet ;
To feel hurt at little things
Is very indiscreet.
Though it is the little things
That wound the loving heart
Still, with consideration,
Conceal the tender smart.

Even though on the surface
The wound may bleed awhile,
Just summon all your courage
And bear it with a smile.
There is a sacred corner
In every loyal breast,
Beyond the reach of malice,
Where all is perfect rest.

Since the day of little things
Is swiftly going by,
Let us bear them quietly,
With just a passing sigh ;
A soldier on the battle field
Ne'er gives up the strife,
Unless he has to do it
By yielding up his life.

Wayside Songs.

When the sailor attempting
To reach the distant shore
Is conscious of his danger,
He struggles all the more ;
So we, when almost stranded
Upon the shore of time,
Must show a noble courage,
And faith that is sublime.

Though very often wounded,
And keenly feel the sore,
We must not faint or falter
So near the other shore ;
We have a gracious Captain,
He is our Pilot too,
If only we prove faithful
And keep the end in view.

Tho' the conflict may be awful,
The breakers may run high,
Defeat is just impossible
For all who really try
To reach the blessed haven
Where storms forever cease ;
For discord cannot enter
That home of perfect peace.

WHO CAN TELL ?

Who will walk with gentle tread ?
Who for me a tear will shed ?
Who will weep when I am dead ?
Who can tell ?

When the pulse is beating low,
When 'tis time for me to go,
Who will kindly tell me so ?
Who can tell ?

Who will hold my feeble hand ?
Who beside my couch will stand,
When I join the angel band ?
Who can tell ?

Mid the pangs of failing breath
Who will whisper : Jesus saith—
I alone have conquered death ?
Who can tell ?

When the summons to depart
Bids me from my dear ones part ;
Who will cheer my sinking heart ?
Who can tell ?

He who gave Himself for me,
Who to set my spirit free,
Lives to intercede for me ;
He can tell.

He who sits upon the throne
Never can His child disown,
Never will forsake His own ;
All is well.

He will bear my soul above,
I shall all His goodness prove
In that home of perfect love ;
All is well.

In that bright and happy place,
Through the riches of His grace
I shall see Him face to face ;
All is well.

Farewell then to all my fear,
When I leave this lower sphere
Jesus will be very near ;
All is well.

Since for me His life He gave,
Died my sinful soul to save,
I shall triumph o'er the grave ;
All is well.

By the Holy Spirit taught,
In the land with pleasure fraught,
I will praise Him as I ought ;
All is well.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

How many hearts were desolate
On that eventful morn
When Jesus gave Himself to die
And left them so forlorn !
The need for such a sacrifice
They did not comprehend—
Their hearts were sorely wounded
For their beloved Friend.

Even in life He had not where
To rest His weary head ;
He lay in a borrowed grave
After He was dead.
Tho' the Lord of life and glory,
He lay in death alone,
Secured by royal mandate—
Bound with seal and stone.

Many who loved Him dearly
Came early to the place,
Hoping to look once more upon
That dear beloved face ;
Poor Mary in her deep sorrow
Spoke to a stranger near,
Then the sweet music of His voice
Banished all her fear.

Wayside Songs.

Go tell it to my disciples,
Go tell it all abroad,
Sin and the grave are conquered
By your Almighty Lord ;
Go and spread the joyful tidings—
The watch, the seal, the grave
Could not retain the Holy One
Who came the world to save.

Is it so? No, it can't be true !
It surely cannot be !
And I will not accept the fact
Until His wounds I see ;
Poor Thomas did not realize
That Jesus heard him speak,
Till He suddenly appeared
His doubting child to seek.

Then bowing in deep penitence
He owned His God and Lord ;
“ Blessed are they who have not seen ”
But yet believed His word.
Go and proclaim this blessed news
To the earth's remotest bound,
Till every soul in every land
Has heard the welcome sound.

It is true, the Lord is risen !
The gracious work is done ;
Now there is perfect salvation
For all beneath the sun.

For all who own His right to reign,
Who prove His power to save,
Shall overcome as He has done
The terrors of the grave.

A MOTHER'S GREETING.

Just twenty-one years old to-day
My dear beloved boy :
And I sit down with pleasure
To wish my son much joy.

I had another darling once,
He was my joy and pride ;
You were only four weeks old
When your brother died.

Now, I wish for you, my son, -
The best that earth can give ;
Better far, I wish that you
May to God's glory live.

COME INTO THE ARK.

The ocean is threatening,
The outlook is dark,
The waves may engulf you—
Come into the ark.

The storm is increasing,
The billows run high,
Come in, I beseech you :
Destruction is nigh.

The great roaring lion,
As keen as a shark,
Just waits to devour you—
Come into the ark.

He will not his purpose
Or mission explain,
He will act like an angel
That purpose to gain.

He will bait every hook
Your notice to win,
And mock at your efforts
In conflict with sin.

He will try all he can to
Throw dust in your eyes,
You need not regard him—
He's the father of lies.

Wayside Songs.

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Only treat with contempt
His purposes dark ;
Just bid him defiance
And enter the ark.

Kind friends bid you welcome
To this refuge of love,
That is sailing away
To the haven above.

Tho' you may have to fight
Both without and within,
The Captain will help you
The victory to win.

His honor is pledged
To see you safe through,
No matter what danger
There may be in view.

Tho' the breakers of death
May almost overwhelm,
You have nothing to fear —
He is at the helm.

Come in ! I entreat you,
His faithfulness prove —
His wonderful, matchless,
Unchangeable love.

THE KING'S BUSINESS.

Are you working for the Master
According to His Word ?
Do you own Him as your Captain—
Your Saviour, King and Lord ?
Are you using in His service
The best you have to give ?
Do you every day determine
For Him alone to live ?

Do you each day exemplify
The beauty of the light ?
Are you willing at His bidding
To suffer for the right ?
Are you true to your convictions
Of duty every day ?
To those bowed down by sorrow
Have you a word to say ?

Are you constantly improving
The talents you possess ?
Do you try by gentle kindness
This sinful world to bless ?
In these plain interrogations
There is much involved ;
Answer in the affirmative
And problems may be solved.

Wayside Songs.

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How sufferers are comforted
Who meekly bear the rod,
By the sincere consistency
Of those who love the Lord !
How souls are often won for Him
By tender thoughtful deed,
As the christian daily sows
The blessed gospel seed !

How saints diligently working
Are happy as they sing !
Improving opportunities
In business for the King.
How He gives full satisfaction
To those who honor Him !
And owns each effort made to save
The souls He died to win.

DECORATION DAY.

We decorate our graves to-day,
Graves that hold the lovely clay
That used to speak and smile ;
Our dear ones surely are not there ;
Just the forms that were so fair,
Are resting for awhile.

Wayside Songs.

Just the house that held the gem,
Precious as a diadem,

Is now below the sod ;
The soul that animated all,
Having heard the final call,
Has flown away to God.

Only the casket, just the shell,
Where awhile our spirits dwell
Is hidden from our sight ;
That which met the loving gaze
And spoke tender words of praise
Has gone to realms of light.

How we love to plant the flowers
On these lonely graves of ours,
Recalling days gone by !
Knowing too, that pain is o'er—
Cannot reach the other shore,
We wipe our weeping eyes.

With yearning look we leave the spot,
Dropping a sweet forget-me-not,
Remembering the past ;
Looking up with steadfast eye,
Hoping to see them by and by—
To meet them all at last.

LIVING BREAD.

Man is hungry for the food
 That earth can never give,
 Though by strange perversity
 He will not eat and live ;
 Seeking for satisfaction
 In husks in lieu of bread ;
 Or in trifles light as air,
 The soul is really dead.

“ Dead in trespasses and sins ;”
 Far from the happy fold,
 Out in terrible darkness,
 Out in the storm and cold ;
 So weary, restless, and sad,
 “ Away in the desert wild,”
 Quite regardless of the call
 “ Come unto me,” my child.

Seeking to drown reflection
 In pastimes of an hour ;
 Trying to quench the Spirit
 Bound by satan's power ;
 Following where he dare lead,
 Forgetting all that's right ;
 Heedless of the tender voice
 That calls them to the light.

Wayside Songs.

And in this mistaken course
Man seeks to satisfy
The soul that longs for something
This world cannot supply ;
Till in grief and penitence
He turns to God instead ;
Believing He alone can give
To him the living Bread.

Forsaking broken cisterns
He has prized so long.
That never can hold water
To cool a fevered tongue.
Deserting haunts of pleasure
Where sin and folly reign,
Fearing it may be too late
Forgiveness to obtain.

Come on dear fellow-sinner,
A brighter pathway tread ;
Come to the world's Redeemer—
He is the "Living Bread."
He gave Himself a sacrifice
To save you from all sin ;
Now, He longs to pardon you
And make you pure within.

Seek no more with earthly good
Your soul to satisfy ;
Come to Him for happiness—
He will your need supply.

Wayside Songs

211

He sees the void in your heart,
He knows your hopes and fears ;
He will give satisfaction,
So wipe away your tears.
“ Come to Jesus,” I entreat you
And in His promise rest ;
Place in Him your confidence—
He'll make you truly blest.
And when at last the morning
Is dawning on your sight,
He Himself will welcome you
To scenes of pure delight.

WORSHIP.

We love the Sabbath, blessed Lord !
We glory in Thy name and Word ;
By kindly act and deeds sublime
We would improve the precious time—
We worship Thee, our God and King :
Thy praises we so gladly sing.
Help us to live for Thee alone
Who did'st for all our sin atone.
Thou most surely wilt provide
For all who in Thy love confide ;
When by pain or grief oppressed
Thou hast promised perfect rest.
Lord help us to admit Thy claim—
To recognize Thy right to reign ;
Direct us that we may fulfil
All Thy blessed, gracious will.

NOW AND THEN.

Now, the weariness and darkness,
The sorrow and the tears ;
Hoping, watching and waiting,
With many doubts and fears.

Then, joy in its full completion,
Freedom from grief or pain ;
In sweet peace and rest eternal
We shall with Jesus reign.

Now, affection half requited
The life misunderstood,
Mystery and perplexity
On which to dwell and brood.

Then, the glory of His presence,
All life's problems solved ;
Rest and perfect satisfaction
In that glorious world.

Now, the grief of separation,
Mourning for those who go ;
Leaving us so sad and lonely,
In this cold world below.

Then, the rapture of a meeting
With joy the crown to win;
Happy in the very presence
Of our immortal King.

IN MEMORY OF
THE LATE C. H. SPURGEON.

The pleading voice is silent now,
The loving heart is stilled,
The life so full of noble deeds
Its mission has fulfilled.

Thousands listened to that voice
Of eloquence and power,
Who now are seeking grace to bear
This sadly burdened hour.

The soul so full of tenderness
For sorrow caused by sin
Has passed the gate celestial
And safely entered in.

Surely angels welcomed him
With glorious song and word ;
All language fails us to express
The sweet welcome of his Lord.

We cannot pierce the slender veil
That conceals him from our sight ;
The blessed Master called him—
Therefore it is surely right.

Tho' many hearts in sorrow bow,
And their tears in torrents flow
It must be right in any case
If the Lord would have it so.

Wayside Songs.

His blessed work accomplished
And the time had come for rest ;
So amidst divine surroundings
He is now forever blest.

Jesus, Saviour, help the mourners,
Bear in their deep grief a part ;
In Thy gracious tenderness
Kindly soothe each aching heart.

As Thy workers are translated
Far above the toil of earth
May their mantle fall on others
Who shall carry on Thy work.

WAITING.

Waiting for the dawning
So beautiful and fair :
Pleading with the Master
Fervently in prayer.

Waiting for His blessing
As the daylight comes :
As the darkness vanishes
Before the rising sun.

Waiting for the sunshine
Of His gracious smile ;
Asking strength sufficient
For all our daily toil.

Wayside Songs.

215

Waiting for the answer,
That certainly will come
In sweet benediction
From our Father's throne.

Waiting for the message,
It may be ours to give
To a sadly stricken one
Who hardly cares to live.

Waiting that the Holy One
May touch our lips with fire,
Fitting us to do a work
To which our souls aspire.

Waiting till our Captain
Shall indicate His will,
If for active labor,
Or simply to be still.

Waiting till fear is lost
In loyal love to Him,
Who gives power to conquer
The last remains of sin.

Waiting as we muse away
In loving rapture caught;
Happy in the liberty
By inspiration taught.

WHAT IS SYMPATHY?

Not a spot in this lovely world
Free from sorrow or care ;
Hardly a soul that has not known
Anguish too great to share.
Not a soul that has never felt
Sympathy true and deep ;
That in the presence of sorrow
Could only sob and weep.

Is there not grief that never sought
Vent in cold expression ?
Lives whose gentle endurance
Should teach a useful lesson.
Emotion is too deep for words,
There's no relief in speech,
Sympathy only knows the way
The wounded heart to reach.

Perhaps 'tis only a tender look,
Or even a falling tear
That sometimes is effectual
The stricken heart to cheer.
What can it be—this subtle charm
That gives such sweet relief,
And for a season takes away
The bitterness of grief ?

Wayside Songs.

217

Is it the pleasant, kindly tone,
The gentle, winning smile,
That so often has the power
The sad heart' to beguile ?
Nay, rather it is a ray of love
From Christ the man divine,
That gives the light of sympathy
On other hearts to shine.

To Him it is a great delight
To comfort the forlorn ;
He is so full of sympathy
For grief in every form.
We will follow in His footsteps
Till from all sorrow free,
We hear Him say approvingly
" Ye have done it unto me."

NO NIGHT THERE.

Beyond the touch of suffering,
Beyond the reach of care,
Crowned with immortality
And bliss beyond compare ;
Meeting our dear beloved ones
Already on that shore ;
Rejoicing that we never can
Know sin or sorrow more.

Wayside Songs.

Looking with enraptured gaze
 Upon that happy throng ;
Learning to join the melody
 Of the heavenly song.
Rejoicing in the blessed light
 So clear, so bright and fair ;
So light, it never can grow dim
 For there is no night there.

Above the pain, above the strife
 Of earthly weal or woe ;
The bitterness of grief or death
 We never more can know.
Delighting in the loveliness
 Of that glorious place ;
Trying to voice our gratitude
 For such abounding grace.

Laying the trophies we have won
 Down at the Master's feet ;
As we with joyous melody
 Many dear ones greet.
All danger of temptation past,
 No pain or sin to fear ;
Beyond the power of darkness
 For there is no night there.

All may know the joyful rapture
 Of that glorious home ;
For in Christ there is forgiveness
 If they will only come.

Wayside Songs.

219

Give up all sin at His command,
And let rebellion cease ;
Acknowledge Him as Lord and King—
And be at perfect peace.

He waits to pardon and renew
All who upon Him call ;
He never yet rejected one
But received them all.
He came to save the very worst,
If only they repent ;
To accomplish this great purpose
The Son of God was sent.

If we just accept His mercy,
Know our sins forgiven,
That will give us all a title
To our home in heaven.
And in that land of blessedness,
Of unshadowed light,
We will praise our great Redeemer
Where there is no more night.



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